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J. BRANDARD, LITH.

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RAMBLES

IN

GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY,

AND

RUSSIA,

38024

IN SEARCH OF SPORT.

BY

THE HON. FERDINAND ST. JOHN.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1853.

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LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

PREFACE.

THE Sports on the Prairie — in the African Bush — and the Indian Jungle, are now as familiar to the Londoner as the Epping Hunt.

I have, however, reason to believe, that few Englishmen have had occasion to meet with so much sport in Germany as myself; my game being, it is true, of a more humble description, but, at the same time, more within reach.

Many are the Sporting Anecdotes and Incidents I might have related, had I felt myself justified in naming all those at whose hands I

have experienced kindness and hospitality; such being, in my idea, a most unwarrantable liberty, even when mentioning them, as I should have done, in the most flattering terms.

Baden, 1853.

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RAMBLES

IN

GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, AND RUSSIA.

CHAPTER I.

ASCENT OF A MOUNTAIN IN BAVARIA — KEEPER'S INSTRUCTIONS ON APPROACHING A COCK OF THE WOOD — DEATH OF MY FIRST CAPERCAILE — BLACK GAME AND ROE-DEER — RETURN TO MUNICH — STRENGTH OF BEAK OF CAPERCAILE — ANECDOTE OF AN ALBATROSS — ACCIDENT WITH A GUN — MY FIRST CHAMOIS — DEATH OF A STAG — EARLY DINNERS IN GERMANY — TROUT-FISHING — KÖNIG'S SEE — ROYAL CHASE IN THE MOUNTAINS — DESTRUCTION OF GAME.

MY FIRST CAPERCAILE.

In the month of April, at one o'clock in the morning, I was aroused by the forester, at whose house in a mountainous part of Bavaria I had put up for the night, with "Auf! auf! Herr

Baron!" a title always conferred on me by the people of this country, although I have repeatedly endeavoured to persuade them that, as a younger son, I had no right to be thus denominated.

With true German tenacity they, however, always insisted, that as my parents were "edel" (of noble birth), I *must* be at least a baron.

I have long since given up contesting this question, and am now quite accustomed to the appellation.

"Up! up!" repeats the keeper; "we have a good two hours' walk before we reach the 'plateau' on the top of the mountain; and if you wish to shoot an 'Auerhahn' we must be there before daybreak."

My usual reluctance to arise at such an hour was considerably diminished by finding myself totally uncovered, having been placed with the most hospitable intentions between the two best feather beds my fair landlady possessed: the upper one most gaudy, but with a very small sheet stitched to it, and thus

contracting it in a way which rendered perfectly abortive all attempts to induce it to cover my person. Whenever I drew in my protruding feet, and coiled myself up in a ball, down rolled the "plumeau" on the floor. At last drowsiness having very much the same effect upon me that the heat had upon the cabman in Punch, and feeling myself far too much fatigued to dispute about trifles, I gave it up; and was therefore discovered in this state by the keeper.

With a slight pull at the schnapps flask, and slinging our guns over our shoulders, we began our ascent, preceded by a woodsman with a lantern. Wending our way through the dark and lofty pine forests, we sometimes followed a path, but had more often to scramble over loose stones and up dry water-courses. The stillness of the night was only broken by my puffing and blowing as I struggled after the keeper and the lantern bearer. I had not then learnt (as I have since) to adopt their apparently sluggish and sauntering though regular step. This, however, gets

them over the ground, as I found to my cost; for although the night was cool my temples were throbbing, and the perspiration streaming down.

Having surmounted the steepest part, and arrived within a quarter of an hour's walk of the summit, the forester caused the lantern to be extinguished, and proposed our resting ourselves for a short time.

"I called you," said he, "somewhat earlier than was absolutely necessary, that you might have time to recover yourself after your exertion; but," added he, "as even during summer the mornings are generally exceedingly cold, I should recommend you to wrap yourself in that Tyrolese coat you are wearing. It has a twofold advantage, for we wear it loose when in motion, and can double it over the chest when watching on the hills."

Whilst reclining on the heather, I told him that I had never yet killed a cock of the wood, and requested him to give me some information on the subject.

Knocking the ashes from his pipe he thus began:—

"The capercaile frequents the wildest and most uncultivated part of the forest.

"During a fortnight or three weeks, at this season of the year, when the leaves of the birch trees begin to burst forth, he abandons his winter quarters.

Wann's Birken Laub ist hellund breit,
Dann hat der Hahn sein' grösste Freud, &c.

He roosts upon a thick old branch of some high tree, and about a quarter of an hour before daybreak begins to call repeatedly and at various intervals; at the same moment he spreads his tail in the form of a fan, and trails his wings like an angry turkey-cock.

"Although the wildest and quickest sighted bird that flies, yet, towards the end of each call, he, for an instant, neither sees nor hears, giving the sportsman time to make three springs forward. Then, as he pauses to listen whether any other cock answers him, you must remain perfectly motionless in whatever attitude you may chance to find yourself, not even moving your little finger. I need scarcely warn you to conceal any part of your equipment, which

by its brightness or colour might attract his eye.

"As the ground is rough, and large grey stones are concealed by the heather, you will, sir, perchance get a fall or two: should this happen, do not attempt to rise until I again move on.

"With a beginner, I generally take his hand in mine, and we spring together; but, as by all accounts, you are an experienced sportsman, you will doubtless wish to learn how to get up to your next bird, without any one to assist you; therefore follow me; observe and imitate whatever I do.

"You will, in all probability, feel much excited; I shall therefore, with your permission, take charge of your gun, leaving my rifle here with the woodsman; otherwise, deceived as to distance by the dim light appearing on the horizon, you will be tempted to fire too soon; for, let me tell you, it takes a strong charge of large shot to bring your bird down.

"Should he flutter away wounded, there is but slight hope of getting him; at least, when

such has been the case, I have rarely succeeded in recovering my game.

"Ah! ah! did you hear that woodcock whistle over our heads? That is a sure signal for us to be moving, and, as it is a fine morning, we may hope for sport: when the weather is boisterous, a capercaile will rarely call; and even if he does, the rushing of the wind through the trees would prevent our hearing him.

"But now forwards, for when once it is broad day-light, the hens come from all quarters, cackling and coquetting around him, and then it will be all up with our hopes of success for this morning."

We had scarcely reached the plateau, when the forester whispered to me that he heard one, at the same time pointing in the direction, but my unpractised ears could not at first catch the sound.

My guide forthwith bounding onwards in the manner previously described, I of course followed, and, soon hearing the bird, became much excited. But, when once I caught sight

of him on the tip-top of a very high fir tree, my eagerness knew no bounds, and I began tugging at the skirts of the keeper's coat, by way of making him understand my desire to regain possession of my gun.

Evidently predetermined to pay no sort of attention to my wishes, on he sprang, until within what he considered a proper distance; and then again drove me half mad with impatience, by continuing his course in a lateral direction. At last, seizing a favourable moment, when the bird was strutting on the branch and calling, he placed the gun in my hands, holding, however, my arm, until we should hear him crow once more. The moment my arm was free I raised the gun to my shoulder, and although from excitement scarcely able to keep my barrel straight, I fired. Down came a huge black mass—down, down, into a ravine, on the edge of which grew the tree from which he fell.

Down rushes the keeper, and soon I hear, "Hurrah! I have him, and a magnificent old fellow he is."

A brother sportsman alone can understand the satisfaction with which I beheld the forester toiling up the steep bank with my victim hanging at his back.

After a short time spent in examining this splendid bird, and in receiving the congratulations of my attendants, we all three lighted our pipes, and proceeded leisurely to descend the mountain.

In the course of conversation I observed to my guide, that I could not understand why he had thought proper to take the last few bounds on one side, especially as it did not bring us any nearer to our game; also why we could not as well have walked or run the three steps each time, instead of taking the heavy jumps we did?

His answer to my first question was, that as the bird was facing us, and at a considerable height, the shot might glance off his very thick plumage, which was to be avoided by firing at his side.

In answer to my second question, the reason he gave for springing so as to alight heavily on

the ground, more especially when taking the last of the three steps (in doing which, he brought both legs together), was to crush at once any dead sticks that might be under his feet; whereas, in treading cautiously, the weight of the body frequently causes the branches to crack by degrees and one after the other; the noise of which would be sufficient to scare away the game.

Since this I have killed many cocks of the wood, and attribute much of my success to having followed his advice.

When about half way down the mountain, a thought seemed suddenly to strike the forester, for he stopped all at once, and asked me whether it would not amuse me to try and get a shot at a blackcock, for, said he, "I just remember having seen some black game two or three days ago near this spot, and although rather early in the year, I may possibly succeed in calling him to you."

Most willingly I accompanied him to a short distance, where, after we had concealed ourselves carefully, he took from his leathern

game bag (the sine quâ non of every German sportsman) a small wooden instrument, and placing it in his mouth, commenced imitating the call of a blackcock.

This soon produced a reply from a distance, and the keeper and the blackcock continued answering each other; the man taking care that his note should not be quite so loud as that of the bird he wished to entice, in order to let him think he had to do with a younger cock than himself.

This I knew, from previous experience, would tempt him, in his anger, to come rushing on,—half flying, half running, and now and then making the most grotesque bounds off the ground, with the intention of driving away his rival from what he seems to consider his own beat.

Our stratagem perfectly succeeded, and I soon bagged the pretty fellow. His tail feathers have ever since adorned my Tyrolese hat.

On approaching the plain, we perceived a roe-deer picking his way back from the corn fields where he had been feeding at daybreak.

The forester immediately offered me his rifle, and tapping it affectionately on the butt, assured me that, if I held it straight, it would do its duty most efficiently.

"Take that path to the right," said he, "and you will probably be enabled to cut him off as he climbs the hill; but at the same time I must beg you to refrain from shooting, should it prove to be a doe."

This to me was an unnecessary caution, having been too much accustomed to roe shooting to do that which, in Germany, is considered most unsportsmanlike; moreover, in the spring, the bucks are easily distinguished from the does, as they already carry good heads. Their horns are still covered with a sort of velvet, which, later in the season, they rub off against the stems of young trees.

I was lucky enough to get near the roe, and ascertaining him to be a fine old buck, shot him through the heart. On a closer examination I found that he carried a very curious head, the horns growing in a crooked irregular form. This often happens when a buck has

met with some injury, in which case they generally keep their old horns without ever shedding them.

At eight o'clock that morning, I found myself devouring a hearty breakfast with the keeper, who then took leave of me for a time, observing, that as he had business to attend to, which would take him away for a couple of hours, I had better throw myself on a bed during his absence.

He proposed, however, to return by eleven with a few beaters, should I feel disposed to drive some coverts with the chance of shooting a buck or two, previous to taking my departure for the capital, appointing my carriage to meet me in the forest.

To this proposal, of course, I was nothing loth, and accordingly having refreshed myself with a short nap, I sallied forth into the plain.

I used on this occasion a favourite gun, of a description much adopted in that country, the right barrel pierced for ball, the left one a smooth bore, and loaded with shot for black game, or even roe, when within sixty yards.

I soon knocked over a blackcock, and with the rifle barrel killed a roe; then again, after missing two others going at the top of their speed, I succeeded in killing another fine buck.

Perceiving, after a few beats, that my carriage had arrived at the appointed place, I took leave of my friend the forester, arriving late that night at Munich, very tired, but much elated with my day's sport, having bagged one capercaile, two blackcock, and three roebuck.

The colour of the flesh of the capercaile is of three different shades. The hen, when properly roasted, is excellent; but, after various trials, I found that the only satisfactory mode of cooking the male bird was to bake him in a pie, after keeping him twelve days in the larder. The flesh should be cut in steaks, and between each of these should be placed a plentiful supply of what a French cook calls "*glace*," or jelly.

The capercaile possesses great strength in the beak. I once happened, when contending with one I had wounded, to try, in the hurry of the moment, to pin his neck to the earth with my gun, when the bird seized the

muzzle in his beak, and left a lasting mark on the barrels.

On mentioning this a few days since to a friend of mine in the navy, he assured me that being on board a man of war, in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, he had winged an albatross, and as the vessel was becalmed, the captain allowed him to take a boat's crew in the gig, in order to recover this huge gull. The bird, however, made so much way by swimming, that it was only with the greatest exertion, and after innumerable dodgings and twistings, that they succeeded in coming up with him. The bow oar made a dash at its neck, but the albatross seizing with the beak three of his fingers, literally squashed them into a jelly.

In the description of my shooting a capercaile, I had occasion to mention our having heard a woodcock over head; I should have said several woodcocks, for at that season of the year they return in great numbers to take up their summer quarters on the mountains. On their passage to and fro, both in spring and

autumn, most German sportsmen await them, in the evening, in some part of a wood where the bushes are low enough to allow of getting a tolerably fair shot.

A few minutes before dusk, they skim about over the top of the underwood; and when in pairs make a whistling sort of noise, but when alone, more especially in the spring, they sometimes approach slowly, uttering a deep croak, somewhat similar to that of a frog.

At this time it is hardly worth while to shoot them, for, after their long journey from the South, they are generally exceedingly poor and dry; not so however in the autumn, when the cocks, which have been spending their summer on the neighbouring hills, prove on their first arrival to be very fat, and are far superior in flavour to those which come from the far North.

On my return to Munich, I was induced to try a double-barrel gun, with the intention of purchasing it. The right barrel was rifle-grooved, and the left a smooth bore. The person who was desirous of parting with the

gun assured me that the smooth barrel would carry two balls with unusual precision. I proceeded to a place in the precincts of the town dedicated to ball practice; and when I had fired off my rifle barrel at the target, the marker, appearing from behind a wall built for his protection, gave me the signal that I had hit the bull's eye. I then loaded the smooth bore with two balls, which appeared to me, at the time, to fit rather too tightly: in effecting this, I committed the error of ramming down first one ball and then the other; by which means there generally remains some compressed air between the two balls. This is not the case when the first ball is driven down by the second.

From the difficulty I had found in loading, I remembered feeling some misgiving; and when about to fire, very luckily drew my left hand back to the guard.

On pulling the trigger, I became enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and felt a whizzing in my ears. For a moment I was at a loss to know what had happened; but on the smoke clearing

off, I found myself with nothing in my hands but that part of the stock which extends from the guard of the trigger to the shoulder. Of the front part of the stock nothing remained but three pieces sticking in my left arm. I then felt something wet running down my face, and on raising my hand to my head, found it covered with blood, a piece of the lock having cut my head open.

On examining the barrels, which were on the ground, I perceived that both balls had perforated them close to the breach, carrying away half the lock.

Being engaged to dine with some other sporting amateurs, I picked up the bits to show them to these gentlemen.

I soon got my head and arm put to rights, but for at least a fortnight afterwards was annoyed by a buzzing in my ears. The worst of all was that I had to pay for the gun, which was beyond all repair.

MY FIRST CHAMOIS.

Returning to Munich in the month of July from a shooting party, which had proved so far successful, that we killed five stags in two days, I happened to find myself in the same carriage with the King of Bavaria's "grand veneur," or, as he is called in German, the "Ober-jäger-meister."

Herr von C—— had formerly lived in the same capacity with Louis Napoleon's uncle, "Eugène Beauharnais," ex-viceroy of Italy, of whom he spoke in terms of the greatest respect and attachment; as also of his son, Duke Augustus of Leuchtenberg, who died in Portugal soon after his marriage with Donna Maria; and nothing will convince the Bavarians, by whom he was much beloved, that he was not poisoned by the Portuguese.

In the course of our journey, my travelling companion mentioned that in a few days' time he should have occasion to make a tour of inspection on the borders of the "König See," near Salzburg; and that if I felt tempted to

accompany him, he would have much pleasure in not only showing me the most beautiful part of Bavarian Tyrol, but also in doing his best to get me a shot at a chamois. He at the same time expressed his regret, that as His Majesty preserved very strictly, he must limit my achievements to one or two head, advising me however to take my fishing tackle with me as a means of amusing myself during the time he might be occupied on business.

I need not say how joyfully I accepted his proposal, and can only deplore the inexperience of my pen, which forbids any attempt on my part to describe the magnificent scenery we beheld in the course of our expedition.

We arrived on a fine summer afternoon at the place where we meant to take up our head-quarters, called Berchtesgaden.

This village is prettily situated on a trout stream at the foot of the "Wattsman," a mountain reckoned to be the highest in that part of the country, and on the summit of which it was intended I should make my first attempt with the chamois.

The Ober-jäger-meister having business to attend to, was unable to accompany me, but requested me to take with me a German friend of his, who, although a thorough sportsman, had never as yet been in a mountainous country.

Accordingly next day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, we two started off, accompanied by two keepers, a few beaters, and some mountain guides, to assist us in case of need, and to carry our stock of provisions.

We toiled upwards, our rifles and spy-glasses slung at our backs; each of us provided with a long pole, called a berg-stock, which, having a sharp spike at one end, is exceedingly useful, and, indeed, enabled me to pass many places otherwise unsurmountable.

Before dark, whilst resting ourselves about half way up the ascent, and occupying ourselves in making a slight inroad into the provisions, one of the keepers took my spy-glass, and looking about on the neighbouring mountains, speedily attracted my attention to what appeared to the naked eye nothing but a small green spot, the

size of a pocket handkerchief, but handing me the glass, I could perfectly distinguish six chamois and three stags feeding in a grass field on the side of the hill.

I was prepared to see the former at that great height, but until then had no idea that red-deer could frequent such apparently inaccessible places. The keeper explained to me that these were generally the oldest and finest stags, who only descend later in the season to herd with other deer.

We now recommenced our ascent, and at ten at night reached a wooden hut, in which the mountaineers stow away what little hay they can glean, and on this hay we slept until an hour after midnight.

From this spot arose three immense cones, which were, indeed, independent mountains, with their bases resting on the top of the "Wattsman." Here we separated from the beaters, with whom it was agreed that they should begin driving the hill side as soon as it was light enough to shoot, the time having been calculated so that before daybreak I

should find myself properly ensconced at what was considered the most likely pass for the game.

My companion was placed some distance from and rather below me, where it was probable the chamois would thread their way after passing me.

Concealed behind a small rock, with my single barrel rifle in my hand, and a double barrel at my feet, I awaited for nearly an hour after daybreak, when my attendant pointed to the furthest cone, over which we saw eight chamois scampering at a tremendous pace, and bounding down what appeared perpendicular slabs of rock, on which it was incredible any animal could find a footing.

The keeper did not seem pleased at the direction they were taking, whispering, that if one of the guides whom he had ordered to show himself on that pass should have neglected doing so, our chance was up.

The chamois had disappeared for a moment, when suddenly we perceived them retracing their steps.

"Now it's all right," said the keeper; "ten to one they will come this way."

For my part I had given it up in despair, for they appeared to have taken exactly the contrary direction, and that at railway speed but, on my making some remark to that effect to the man behind me, he said that, having been scared, they were returning towards the beaters, who, knowing their business well, would probably contrive not to allow them to break back.

Scarcely had he spoken, when on they came, bounding towards us, and every two or three hundred yards coming to a dead stop, which lasted five or six seconds; in short, sufficient time to turn their heads in the direction whence came the shouts of the beaters.

In pursuance of the advice previously received from the keeper, I had determined to single out one from the herd as my intended victim, and never to take my eye off him; and this I stuck to, not allowing the others to attract my attention. I seized the moment, when, passing about one hundred yards below

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CHAMOIS HUNTER

me, he made one of the halts I have described, and fired.

Over rolled the chamois. Flinging down my rifle, I snatched up the double-barrel, and bang! bang! I went at the retreating herd; but I missed both shots, and I must confess that I was so blinded by excitement and the smoke of my first shot, that, instead of aiming at any particular one, I had let fly at the mass.

I then turned my eyes in the direction of the one I had knocked over, and could still distinguish him rolling down the mountain, evidently unable to make an effort to save himself.

"We are certain to get him," said the keeper, "but there goes the rifle of the other gentleman."

Perceiving that two of the beaters were sliding down the mountain in the direction of the one I had killed; we trusted to their "savoir faire," and hastened towards our German friend.

He informed us that, having wounded a chamois, it had parted from the others, and had

disappeared in a cleft in the rock. Moving further down, we had recourse to our spy-glasses, and descried the chamois lying in a crevice; but all attempts made by our people to approach him proved utterly fruitless; indeed, a fine young mountaineer, who had outstripped his comrades, missed his footing, and slid some twenty yards down the precipice; but the hardy fellow, not losing his presence of mind, managed to recover himself most wonderfully, no doubt as much to his own satisfaction as to ours. I have read of one's blood running cold, but never until that moment had believed in the sensation. For an instant we stood horror-struck, convinced that nothing could save the man from being dashed to pieces, and great was our relief when he stood once more at our side, safe and sound.

Much to the disgust of my companion we were obliged to give up all hopes of recovering his chamois, and we therefore proceeded on our way homewards. I must here observe that the descent of these precipices is far more trying to the nerves, and more productive of

giddiness, than the ascent; for, in climbing, no one has time, nor indeed is it safe, to look behind. We now began to perceive the difference, and although not much given to be nervous, I, for a few moments, did not feel quite confident, but having once overcome the first impression, the yawning precipices had no further effect upon me.

Not so, however, with our lowland friend, for, on our arriving at a pass about one hundred and fifty yards in length, very much resembling the shape and breadth of a hog's back—a tremendous precipice on each side—a guide leading, then the timid gentleman, and after him myself, followed by the rest in single file, all balancing ourselves with our berg-stocks, like Madame Sacchi on the tight rope, he suddenly came to a dead stop, and the following conversation ensued:—

Self.—"Go on! go on! this is no place to stop."

Friend.—"I can't! I can't! my head is going round."

Self.—"You must! you must! By Jove, I can't stand this much longer myself."

But, notwithstanding some words of encouragement from those behind, and some rather strong expressions on my part, the deuce a step would he move.

The guide in front had however quickly returned to him, and caught hold of his arm; but it was evident that his head was too far gone to admit of his proceeding with only this support, the nature of the ground not allowing room for two abreast.

Self.—"How the —— are we ever to get this man on?"

Front Guide.—"Please, sir, to take hold of one end of my pole, and pass me the end of yours, one on each side under his armpits."

Self.—"Not I, indeed! It's all I can do to take care of myself, much less support that great hulking fellow."

Guide (behind me).—"Will you, sir, undertake to remain perfectly motionless whilst I spring round you? Stand sideways, and shut your eyes."

Pleasant and cool, thought I! However, I had nothing left for it but to submit, not at

all consoled by the certainty that, if the guide touched me, I must inevitably be toppled over into the abyss below.

The bold active fellow performed this feat most successfully, and then proceeded to do that which the foremost guide had proposed to me to undertake, and both placing their poles under the gentleman's arms, conveyed him down very much as they would have carried a sedan chair.

All's well, that ends well! and once at the end of this pass, we indulged in sundry jokes at the expense of my friend.

Here we were joined by the two beaters, bearing upon a pole my chamois, which proved to be a fine buck. Both male and female carry horns, there being a slight difference in the shape; those of the "gems-bock" being somewhat straighter and more perpendicular, whilst those of the geiss, or doe, are further apart at the crook; but when going at speed, it would require a very experienced chamois hunter to distinguish the difference between the two.

One of the keepers then suggested that he and I should return by a more circuitous path, taking the chance of falling in with game of some sort, one man keeping in our rear, in case his services should be required, whilst the rest of our party should return at once to Berchtesgaden.

A repetition of all the scrambling falls and petty accidents I met with in the course of our descent would prove wearisome, and any description, on my part, of the magnificent scenery, wholly inadequate.

I will, therefore, confine myself to an account of my sport. On reaching a less barren part of the mountain, and while cautiously crossing a steep ravine, our attention was attracted by the sound of rolling stones, and gazing upwards, we beheld a stag staring us in the face.

"Darauf! d'rauf!" whispered the keeper.

The moment I caught sight of the deer my rifle was at my shoulder, and I succeeded in lodging my ball exactly where the throat joins the chest.

Down he rolled, to our very feet; he was a

young stag of eight, which (for the uninitiated) means four tines on each side, and although fat and in good condition, our mountaineer made no difficulty in throwing him over his shoulders, and holding the legs across his breast, he trotted off home with apparently as much ease as a boy would carry a hare. Indeed, I had to put my best leg foremost in order to keep up with him.

On our return to Berchtesgaden, we found my good old friend, the Ober-jäger-meister, who came out to welcome me with the most hearty congratulations on my success; "but," said he, "we will talk it all over during dinner, for though it is already mid-day, I have requested our hostess to delay another half hour, that you may have time for your ablutions."

I could not help smiling at the old gentleman's thinking twelve rather a late hour for dinner; but, after all, "what's in a name?" That which you in England call luncheon, they call dinner, or, more generally, the mid-day

repast, and their supper at eight in the evening is equivalent to your London dinner.

Give it, however, what name you will, all I can tell you is, that I fell to work at the "Rhindfleisch" and "Braten" with great zest, not disdaining the soup with large balls in it, made of bread and forced meat; but I broke down at the "sauer kraut." Whilst tapering off our meal with cream cheese, my friend said, "Come now, I have been the means of your obtaining some sport, you shall show me some of yours. I have often heard say that you Englishmen are mighty dexterous with the finny tribe, and should much like to see how you manage to catch them. What say you to a stroll down the trout stream?"

Although far from being an experienced angler, I felt convinced that I could perform well enough to amuse my German friends, without risking any very severe criticism on their part. Whilst I unpacked my tackle and united the joints of my rod, I saw them passing the flies to one another with exclamations of surprise, each insisting on having a pull

at the reel. But when I proceeded to adjust the three yards of gut, I perceived great doubts as to its efficacy, although they were too polite to express them.

A few steps brought me to the banks of the stream, followed by a crowd, composed of all the chamois hunters and beaters, as also mine host, his wife, his ostler, and his dog; all fancying that I should remain stationary, and that they would be able to watch my performances whilst enjoying their pipes and their beer.

But having, to the great amusement of my friends, caught half a dozen moderate-sized trout, I began to move rapidly down the river, and succeeded in shaking off most of them, and, indeed, at last found myself alone with Herr von C——, who really enjoyed the sport. The trout here are seldom above half a pound weight, but I managed to put upwards of thirty into my basket in the course of the afternoon.

The next morning C—— expressed his regret that he could not offer me any more

sport, but proposed my accompanying him to the König See, where he had some business to transact. The keeper's house is situated on a small island in the middle of this beautiful lake, buried in the mountains which so completely surround it with a wall of rock, that all access whatever is impossible, except by means of a boat, to which we had recourse. Nor could I feel displeased at our means of conveyance, for we were paddled along the lake by a most lovely and coquettishly dressed girl, whose reputation for beauty and good conduct is proverbial. However, without any affectation of prudery, she took our little jokes in good part, having always a ready answer to them.

We landed at the keeper's lodge, and were pressed to partake of a species of trout with which this lake abounds. When cooked, they are of a very dark pink colour, more so than salmon, and are delicious eating, but, like most mountain trout, never exceed three quarters of a pound in weight.

The surrounding mountains are well stocked

with chamois and red-deer, and strictly preserved, being a very favourite resort of the King of Bavaria, who has a residence at Berchtesgaden, which he visits every year.

Whilst paddling about the lake, my friend pointed out to me several deep but narrow ravines sloping down to the water, and affording a path by which the game can come down to drink; and in answer to my questions as to how the royal chasse was managed in so inaccessible a spot, he explained that, at the mouth of each ravine, was placed a sportsman, and the hills driven by the beaters, and with deep-mouthed hounds, ultimately forcing the game down the fissures in the rock. Those which were lucky enough to escape the rifle dashed into the water, and swam to the opposite shore.

When listening to his enthusiastic description of the wild shouts of the mountaineers on the hill top—the baying of the bloodhounds —the crack of the rifle, and the view of many heavy antlered stags plunging into and crossing the lake, I might truly have exclaimed, "My soul's on fire, and eager for the fray.

These my two first sporting expeditions in Bavaria gave me more pleasure, and have left a more lasting impression, than all the years of repeated and various shooting I have since met with, whether red-deer and chamois in Bavaria—wild boar in Moravia—capercaile in Styria, or double snipes and white hares in the steppes of Russia, not excepting even the great "battues" for inferior game in Bohemia, where I met, not only with extraordinary sport, but also with the greatest hospitality and kindness.

CHAP. II.

EFFECT OF CLIMATE ON GAME — SNOW FAVOURABLE TO POACHERS — BAVARIAN KEEPERS *VERSUS* POACHERS — SKELETON OF A POACHER ON THE BORDERS OF THE BLACK FOREST — TWO DAYS' PURSUIT OF A WILD BOAR — JÄGER WOUNDED BY BOAR — A PARTY TO SHOOT BOAR — THEIR COSTUMES — A MUFF — THE SPORT — THE DINNER — A BOUNCER BY A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

THE great drawback to game preservers in Germany is the severity of the climate, especially when it happens, as it did at the period I now write of, that a hard frost for six weeks is followed by deep snow, freezing as it falls, so that the poor animals find it almost impossible to obtain any sustenance.

At this season, to increase the destruction of game, foxes, in great numbers, come from the mountains, taking up their hunting quarters on the plain as long as the hard weather lasts, and pretty sport they have; for the half-starved hares, and even roe-deer, become an easy prey, as their legs sink deep into the snow,

over which there is generally a crust sufficient to bear the weight of a fox.

A fresh fall of snow is the poacher's joy, as it enables him to find the most frequented *runs*, in which he sets his snares for hares and roe; he then takes from the leg of his trowsers a short gun, made to double up by means of a hinge behind the lock, and starts off upon the fresh track of a deer.

Unfortunately, however, for him, he cannot efface the marks of his footsteps from the snow; and he, in his turn, is also hunted down by the keeper, who, at this season, ought to be out day and night on the "qui vive;" and I have known several instances where a forester on the track of a poacher, finding signs of slaughtered game, has followed up his footsteps for many miles, until he succeeded in coming up with him, either at his own abode, or at an alehouse, and taking him with the game in his possession.

In a mountainous country, where nothing but large game is to be found, and where, for this reason, both keeper and poacher always

load with ball, it is differently managed. There they crack away at each other, Kentucky fashion; the survivor, when he has killed his adversary, carefully choosing some ground covered with thick brushwood where he may bury him.

It has more than once happened to me, when stalking deer in those extensive pine forests, that a keeper would point with his thumb over his shoulder in a knowing way, saying, "Da liegt einer,"* but not compromising himself farther than by tapping the butt end of his rifle. I made it a rule, however, to wait for particulars until after supper, when he was well primed with bock beer, and thus generally succeeded in extracting most interesting accounts of their adventures and escapes.

Whilst on this subject I may mention a circumstance which took place two years since on my own chasse in the Black Forest, close to the frontiers of Würtemberg, whence I had invited an old forester, well known as the best sportsman and breaker of slot-hounds, as also

* There lies one.

the most dangerous customer for poachers, but so wily, that not one of these summary executions had ever been brought home to him.

This man was placed next to me; and, when the beaters were half way through the covert, we heard an exclamation of surprise from one of them, who called his comrades around him. We sprang into the wood to see why they no longer obeyed my orders, and found the beater tugging ineffectually at the skeleton of a man's foot.

With staves and sticks they set to work removing the earth, and soon brought to light a complete skeleton, every thing about it having decayed, with the exception of a leathern game bag, which still held together, and in which they found a small glass phial, corked tightly, and half full of "kirschwasser."

An elderly man who had accompanied the beaters, and who, they told me, had been formerly well known as a poacher, after scratching his head, turned sharp round to the Würtemberg keeper, saying, "I tell you what,

Master F——s, I've a notion this is no other than Gottlieb Müller, whose disappearance some fifteen years ago was generally attributed to you."

Mr. F——s was, however, not to be caught in this way, and turned the accusation into a joke, by the ready reply,

"Why, you fools! you ought all of you to know me better than to think that, if I had done it, I should have left a drop of 'schnapps' in the flask."

"Ha! ha! well, that's true," replied the boors, with one voice; and as the Schwarzwald is not within the jurisdiction of Mr. Coroner Wakley, little more fuss was made about the matter, with the exception of the neighbouring Bürgermeister being called from his shoemaker's shop to take a look at the skeleton.

He ordered it to be replaced in the hole whence they had dragged it, very philosophically remarking, that, as they could not bring the poor creature to life again, it was just as well to leave him where he was.

But, in spinning these yarns, I have com-

pletely lost sight of the sporting exploits it was my intention to relate.

As the winter's frost and snow render it difficult for the wild bear to grub up the earth in search of food, they immediately avail themselves of a thaw for that purpose, and will, for a time, renouncing their habit of turning day into night, wander about during the whole twenty-four hours.

This is the only period when the sportsman has any chance of stalking them successfully; for the crust on the surface of the snow having thawed, it is then possible for him to approach them without noise, taking care, of course, to keep his game to windward.

On Tuesday morning I found the snow beginning to drop off the roof of the house, and hastened to my old friend, the King's Oberjäger-meister, to remind him that he had promised me an order to stalk boar in the forest of Forstenried.

"Geduld! geduld!" (patience) said the good old gentleman, smiling at my impetuosity: "there is still too much snow upon the

ground; however, I will give you the order, and, should this weather continue, be off to-morrow at daybreak, and *Waidmann's Heil!*"*

Far too impatient to wait for the morrow, I started that evening, taking with me my jäger (Heinrich by name), and a couple of bandy-legged "dachshunde."

Those who have never quitted a mild climate can form no idea of the delightful sensation of twenty miles an hour in a sledge (fitted with a large splash board to prevent the horses kicking snowballs into your eyes), and gliding over the smooth snow with the prospect of getting a shot at a fine old boar.

On pulling up at the head-keeper's lodge in the forest, and extricating myself from my fur boots and pelisse, I made my way into the house with a basket of cakes in my hand for his little boy, and found his pretty little wife preparing something more than usual for supper, her husband on starting upon his evening rounds having told her, that, owing to the favourable state of the weather, she

* The German mode of wishing you sport.

might depend upon the English Nimrod turning up in the course of the night.

On Wednesday morning I sallied forth; the head-keeper accompanying me and my own jäger following at some distance with a blood-hound, and my too little favourites, but with strict orders not to approach us until he heard the report of my rifle.

In the course of the morning we saw some boar, but owing to our always finding several together I had not been able to get within shot of one, for it is necessary, after getting your game to windward, to advance cautiously with your eye constantly fixed on the boar, in order to stand perfectly motionless the moment he raises his snout or changes his place, both of which he does repeatedly; and as you can only fix your attention upon one at a time, the others generally give the alarm and consequently nothing more is seen of them for that day.

After trudging the whole morning through the snow with vain attempts to get near the game (let me tell you it's no joke walking all

day through soft snow with heavy boots reaching up to your hip), I began to feel tired and disappointed; but nevertheless turned a deaf ear to the keeper's insinuations that the "Braten," which his wife was preparing for our dinner, would be overdone.

Eventually I was rewarded for my perseverance; for, on crossing a large open space in the forest, where the wood had been cut, and only low bushes left scattered about, I was brought suddenly to a stand-still by the keeper's grip on my arm. Not a word was spoken, but a motion with his chin gave me the direction in which I was to look; and then indeed my heart was in my throat, for, at a distance of about three hundred yards, I beheld a splendid boar quietly rummaging about.

The keeper concealed himself behind a bush, and I began my operations, stalking so successfully that I approached to within one hundred yards of him; but, as I was setting the hair trigger preparatory to raising my rifle, I heard a grunt and a rush some fifty

yards to my right (proceeding as the keeper afterwards informed me from an old sow and her young who had winded me). This rather flurried me and caused the old boar, after looking about him for an instant, to jog leisurely off.

I let fly, and away he went at score; however, as at the moment I fired he made a sort of awkward plunge in the snow, I felt convinced he had received my ball.

It is customary in Germany when any large game has been shot at to proceed only for a short distance, and if you find blood, to delay some time before following it up. Whilst I was reloading my rifle and my pipe, the keeper began to look along the snow, and had hardly gone thirty yards on the track of the boar, when to my joy he waved his hat as a signal that he had found blood. In the meantime my man came up with the dogs: the keeper taking from him the bloodhound, proceeded with me to follow the track of the wounded animal. After going some distance we ceased to find any marks of blood, but about two

miles from where I had fired the hound began (although perfectly mute) to strain violently at his collar: upon this the man whispered me, that the boar would probably be lying down in some thick bushes before us, and that I must try to shoot him before he moved again, at the same time cautioning me to reserve my second barrel in case he should charge at me.

Advancing according to his instructions, and peering about, I perceived through the bushes a huge mass, at which I let drive; although, to own the truth, as it was growing dusk, I did not feel quite certain that it was not the stump of a large tree. Up springs the boar, and crash, crash, go the young trees, and I see no more of him. The keeper then persuaded me, much against my will, to return home, saying that, as it was now night, it would be useless to persevere; but that if, by the next morning, the snow had not quite disappeared, we should have a good chance of getting him.

On Thursday morning the forester having some business to attend to, could not accom-

pany me; so off I went with Heinrich and my two little hounds. Taking up the trail where we had abandoned it the night before, and following it up for half an hour, we came upon our game so unexpectedly that I had not time to fire. He started up; evidently, however, much the worse for the night he had passed.

My jäger immediately slipped the dogs. I must here observe, that when a boar is badly wounded, they never now-a-days slip the blood-hound, whatever old pictures may tell you to the contrary, for the simple reason that a large hound attacks the boar, and either is ripped up, or drives him so far that the sportsman on foot has difficulty in following; whereas, despising the smaller yelpers, who soon bring him to bay, he sets his back against a tree, and easily keeps these little noisy rascals at a respectful distance, giving the hunter time to get at him, directed through the thicket by the baying of the hounds.

This was now the case; and, running up out of breath, I caught a glimpse of the boar through the bushes, on the opposite side of

which my jäger placed himself with my second rifle. The fear of hitting one of my dogs and the thickness of the wood prevented me from giving him a finishing ball; when suddenly I heard a rush and a scuffle on the other side of the bushes, accompanied by a deep German oath; and then again the dogs off in full cry. Springing to the spot, I found Heinrich sprawling on his back, the boar having, "en passant," ripped open the upper part of his thigh. According to the German proverb, the wound from a boar's tusk is easily cured, whilst that from a stag's horn is more fatal; for it says—"To the wound from a boar, call in a doctor; but to that of a stag, call in a priest."

Hearing the hounds again at bay, I hastily reminded my man of the foregoing proverb, and rushing after them found the boar, with his back to a tree; at the moment he gave me an indignant look, I lodged a ball in his forehead, and all was over!

After coupling the hounds and lighting my pipe, I proceeded to look for my jäger, whom I found much more afflicted at the awful rent

in his inexpressibles, than at the one in his skin.

Some schnapps, administered externally as well as internally, soon made him find the use of his legs again, for the smart of the spirit I had poured upon the wound caused him to jump about in the most absurd manner, uttering no end of Himmel S——t's, and not much pleased at my hearty laugh whilst sitting on the dead boar and smoking my meerschaum.

Now came the query of how we were to carry home the monster? when my man making the remark that he had heard at some distance the sound of felling timber, I proceeded in the direction, and at length succeeded in persuading two woodcutters to accompany me with a hand-sledge, used by them for transporting wood over the snow; and placing the boar upon this, with my wounded jäger sitting on him, we returned triumphantly to the forester's lodge.

On Friday morning there came a fresh fall of snow, and when I visited my friend the Ober-jäger-meister, he informed me that

I was invited to a "battue" for wild boar on the following day, for which orders had come from Court, with the hope of showing some sport to a Russian nobleman on a special mission.

On my return to my own house, I found that Prince L——n, the King's principal aide-de-camp, had left word that he would call for me next morning.

Prince L——n enjoyed a great reputation as a sportsman throughout Germany, and was as remarkable for his height and size as for his amiable and gentlemanlike qualities. He it was who, invariably showing great friendship for me, and insisting on my companionship, whether in the hunting-field or at the dinner-table, had been originally the means of my obtaining almost unlimited leave to sport over the King's preserves.

On Saturday morning the Prince called for me, and, on approaching the skirts of the forest, we soon perceived a mass of beaters warming themselves round a good fire which they had made on the snow. As our carriage drew up

at the "rendezvous," we were greeted by a number of foresters and jägers with green caps (fronted with the royal arms) in their hands, and clothed in green cloth turned up with velvet of the same colour, with their "couteaux de chasse" fitting close to the thigh.

One of the foresters, a grey-headed, weather-beaten, but healthy-looking veteran, advanced, cap in hand, to the Prince, announcing that he had ascertained the whereabouts of a fine old "Solitaire." We forthwith divested ourselves of our fur pelisses, &c., retaining only a small muff, slung over the shoulder by a green cord; and, although the idea of men wearing such an appendage may appear ridiculous, and may tempt John Bull to confer the name of the article upon the wearer, I maintain, from experience, that in such a climate you not only could not pull a trigger, but your jäger could not load your gun, did not both master and man have recourse to this expedient for warming their fingers.

Whilst the Prince was settling the plan of attack with the keepers, the gentlemen invited

to the "chasse," having each received from the hands of his jäger a rifle and a pipe, proceeded to kill time, either by examining some curious specimen of a rifle, or by admiring or quizzing, as the case might be, some part of their neighbours' accoutrements and dress. Of these I will give a general idea by describing my own, —consisting of a green "Tegern See" hat, with the tail-feathers of a blackcock fastened to it by a bunch of chamois hair; a loose grey Tyrolese coat and trousers of the same stuff; over these last, a pair of long, warm green stockings, reaching above the knee; and then a pair of Russian leather boots, generally worn in large folds below the knee, but pulled up nearly to the hip when necessary.

My interest in the promised sport induced me to prefer listening to what was going on between the Prince and the keepers; and I overheard him conclude with orders to the head forester to place all the "big wigs" in the best places; to direct the beaters to drive the wood down wind towards these gentlemen; and, above all, to make no noise (as, in that

case, large game almost invariably break back through the beaters). Then, perceiving me, he added, half in jest, "Mind you give that lucky Englishman the worst place you can pick out, or the boar is sure to pass by him: moreover, he was successful yesterday, and it is high time that others should have a turn."

Making a virtue of necessity, I told the keeper not to think of me, that I would place myself up wind, and behind the beaters, which I accordingly did; Heinrich, as usual, standing motionless behind me with my second rifle. The beaters saw no game; and on their emerging from the thicket into the broad ride, where the guns were placed, I heard the Prince bellow out, "Nonsense! he *must* be there. Beaters! right about face! drive the wood back again, and make all the noise you can." Immediately after this, in a clump of small fir-trees before me, I heard old tusks grunting away, but am at a loss to say whether he was expressing his displeasure at being disturbed, or chuckling at having outwitted the beaters.

Heinrich, without leave or license, coolly

taking the pipe out of my mouth, whispered, "He has got wind of us, and won't have any thing to say to us; however, keep quiet: who knows what may turn up?".

It so happened that the beaters, on their return, came upon the clump of trees in a compact line, upon which I saw the old boar, evidently not liking the whiff he had obtained of my tobacco, gallop once up and down the line of beaters; but, headed back at each point, and finding that he had nothing left for it, he charged slap at me.

"Ruhig! ruhig!" says Heinrich. "Halt's maul!" say I; and, aiming at the head of the boar, but not allowing enough for the pace he was coming at, my ball took effect in the spine, about the loins. This brought him upon his haunches; and there he sat, in the centre of a green ride, very much in the same attitude as his bronze representative in the "Mercato" at Florence.

With my left barrel I aimed deliberately at his head, but, to my astonishment, without

effect; I therefore put an end to him with a "couteau de chasse," and, upon searching for the second ball, found that it had broken one of his tusks short off, without otherwise injuring him; so that, had the first wounded him in any other part than the loins, my second shot would not have protected me from his attack.

The Prince, who, owing to his great size, always drove a drosky, came galloping up. "What, again that Englishman! Hol mich der Teufel!" "Alas, yes!" said I, assuming a contrite face, in order to conceal my exultation; and I am afraid that the feeling of congratulation, expressed as usual on the occasion by the other sportsmen, was but skin deep.

In the course of the day several boar were killed by the company, but fate reserved a brilliant "finale" for me. In the last beat a sow, followed by a boar, came trotting past me. Bang! bang! goes my double barrel, and within a distance of two hundred yards we found them dead, both fine old "wildschwein," and both shot through the shoulder.

We all returned to dine together at Munich,

and when once we were at table, all rivalry gave way to good fellowship; and, warmed up by copious draughts of some very fine old "Stein-wein," a few of the company related some stunning exploits in the forest.

One of the party informed me that he was conversant with English literature, and, wishing to show me that he had met with my name, misquoted two lines in the following absurd way:

> "And St. John mingles, with the social bowl,
> The flow of raisins, and the feast of sole."

As is generally the case, the longer we remained at table, the more incredible were the stories.

Prince G——n wound up the evening with one which appeared to me to be rather in the style of Baron Munchausen: nevertheless, I will repeat what I now remember of it.

A new-married couple in Russia, going home in a sledge after their wedding, and crossing a wood, heard a noise which sounded like a pack of hounds in full cry.

The peasant got out of the sledge, and entered the wood to see the fun; when, to his surprise, he beheld a bear hotly pursued by a pack of wolves. He appeared to be dead beat, but struggled on in the direction of the bride, who was sitting in the sledge, waiting for her husband.

The bear, happening to cross the road at the very spot, attempted to clear the sledge, but failed from utter exhaustion; and, falling almost lifeless into the bottom of the carriage, so frightened the horses, that they galloped off home. On their arrival at the village, the bride was discovered in a swoon, with the bear still in the sledge, but in so helpless a state that he was easily killed by the neighbours.

Do my sporting readers believe it all? No, I don't think they do! and, as they may be tempted to put the same question to me, I must own that I don't know exactly what to say about it; for although the Prince swore to the truth of his story until he was nearly black

in the face, I could not help thinking that it might have originated with some poor lady who had discovered, when too late, that a charming lover had proved, after marriage, to be little better than a bear.

CHAP. III.

PRESENTED AT COURT, AND THE CONSEQUENCES — PALACE OF SCHLEISHEIM — HERDS OF RED DEER — HOW TO APPROACH THEM — KILL STAG OF '14 — THE MOVEMENTS OF A WOUNDED STAG — STUNNING A STAG WITHOUT WOUNDING HIM — A LADY CHAMOIS SHOOTING — PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING — ROYAL SHOP FOR SALE OF GAME AT MUNICH — SLEDGING-PARTY TO A PIC-NIC — ADVENTURE WITH POACHERS — FROM BAVARIA TO ITALY — PONTINE MARSHES — ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS — CRUISE TO MALTA — SHOOTING IN TUSCANY — THREE WATER-SPOUTS.

THE almost unlimited permission which I had obtained to shoot in the royal preserves originated in the King's former esteem for two of my maternal uncles, one of whom, until his death, had been minister of finance in Bavaria, and the other, a general in the English service, had passed the latter part of his life at Munich.

My friend Prince L——n had forewarned me that, his Majesty being somewhat deaf, I should take care, when presented at court, to let him know distinctly that I was their nephew.

Accordingly, when the King, addressing me in English, condescended to ask me where I came from? how long I meant to stay? and where I was going? I took care to explain in German, that I was "le neveu de mon oncle," and that I was at Munich in hopes of witnessing some of the splendid sport for which his Majesty's kingdom was so renowned.

Upon hearing this, the King immediately beckoned to him the Ober-jäger-meister, whom I had already in some measure prepared, saying, "Herr Von C——, here is a nephew of our good old Hompesch. He wants to shoot. Let him shoot! let him shoot! as much as he likes!"

The consequence of this kind speech was, that, instead of passing a month at Munich, I remained two years.

On the evening in question there was a concert at Court, previous to which their Majesties, as usual, went the round of the rooms. Soon after I had been presented to the Queen, her Majesty approached a lady next to whom I was standing. In so doing the train of her

court-dress remained immediately before my feet, which for the moment rendered it impossible for me to move without treading upon the velvet.

During this time, the worthy diplomate who was to present me to the King made me repeated signs to hasten to him for that purpose.

Impatient at my apparent stupidity, his Excellency, in shorts, and a sword by his side, took a flying leap, "à la Fanny Elssler," over the Queen's train. At that moment her Majesty turned to address me, and he perceived his mistake.

There is an old palace near Munich called Schleisheim. It stands on the edge of an extensive moor, which is, in some measure, the nursery for red deer in Bavaria. Although not enclosed, the hinds rarely leave it; nor, indeed, do the young stags, until they show eight tines, when they retire into the forests.

From the top of the keeper's house, I have often seen by the aid of a spy-glass two or three herds, each composed of from six to seven hundred deer.

In the month of September old stags come very great distances to pass a fortnight there, returning afterwards to the mountains.

At that season a few are killed, but it is no easy matter to get a shot at them.

This morass is traversed in various directions by deep drains. In these Prince L——n and myself were usually placed, the keeper endeavouring to drive the herd towards us. To do this with any hope of success, he must be quite alone. He does not walk straight to them, but approaches them slowly, tacking like a vessel when beating against a head wind, or rather as a well-broken pointer ranges in a large field.

The herd is invariably led by an old hind, and it is exceedingly interesting to watch her efforts to get wind of the hidden danger, of which she appears to be perfectly aware; indeed, as this manœuvre is repeated two or three times a year, it is natural that she should be suspicious.

The old hind seems to know that guns are concealed in one or other of the drains. But

in which? that is the question. She will conduct the herd just out of shot from the drains, and then appear fretful and anxious; often stamping one of her fore-feet on the ground, and watching attentively the motions of the keeper. Like the Irishman's pig, she will always take a contrary line to that in which she suspects the man wishes to drive her, and most frequently breaks back within twenty yards of the keeper, from whom the deer, I firmly believe, are quite assured they have nothing to fear. Sometimes they break away to the right or the left, in which case one or other of the guns may chance to get a shot.

Where the old hind leads, the rest of the herd follow in a mass; and I have occasionally seen them rushing by in so dense a cluster, that it was impossible for to single out a stag without the risk of wounding one or two of the hinds. As I was only permitted to enjoy this sport with the understanding that I never did any thing contrary to the regulations, I was obliged in such a case, however tantalising, to refrain from firing.

At other times I have succeeded in bowling over one, and sometimes two fine fellows. The very last day I ever tried this moor a fine old stag of fourteen came rolling pompously along in the rear of the herd, looking composedly about him, and apparently wondering why the others were in such a hurry. I suppose he was a stranger, and not up to our tricks.

I lodged my ball in the right place: he gave a tremendous bound forwards, and forty yards further fell dead. An experienced sportsman can generally tell whereabouts the ball has taken effect. I have seen a stag when hit in the hind-quarters kick up like a horse; but if hit in the shoulder he makes a plunge forward, and after going a short distance drops in various ways, sometimes stumbling head over heels, sometimes falling backwards, at others describing a circle before sinking to the earth. Should a red deer fall to the shot, I hasten up to despatch him with my knife, for in this case one may generally conclude that he has received the ball high up in the saddle. This wound not being mortal, he soon recovers

himself, and, once upon his legs again, you see no more of him.

When a stag is hit in the liver the wound is mortal, but he does not fall to the shot. Greater precaution is, however, necessary than with any other wound. He will generally, in this case, soon lie down; and he should be left for a couple of hours, after which he can no longer make his escape; but, if disturbed immediately, he rises from the ground, and finds so much difficulty in getting upon his legs, that he never again attempts to repose, and will travel many miles, until he falls dead.

The finest headed stag I ever beheld escaped me in this manner, owing entirely to my own impatience.

He came towards me, crossing a narrow grass valley, which intervened between me and the cover from which the beaters had driven him. At the moment I fired he jumped a ditch, and, seeing him kick up as a horse would do, I felt certain that I had not hit him in the shoulder, as I intended. He disappeared in the wood behind me. I un-

wisely followed a few yards into the thicket, and before I had advanced one hundred yards I came upon him; up he sprang, and, although I followed him with a slot-hound until ten o'clock at night, I could not recover him. By a singular chance it came to my knowledge, about ten days later, that a large stag had been found some fifteen miles distant from the place where I had given up the pursuit, having a bullet-hole in the flank. The person who found him had unfortunately told other people about him, previous to informing the forester of the district; and, therefore, when the keeper was conducted to the spot, the antlers had been removed.

In the large forests of Bavaria it is useless to slip hounds after deer, as is the custom in Scotland, for it is quite impossible to follow them up.

As I believe I have already mentioned, it is usual in Germany to follow a wounded deer with a slot-hound fastened to a strap, which passes over the keeper's shoulder. As the hound is apt to strain violently at the collar, he is

constantly choked, and thus much fatigued when the pursuit is of long duration. To obviate this, the strap is attached to a sort of harness with a breastplate instead of a collar.

These hounds are exceedingly well broken, and have most wonderful noses. On one occasion I wounded a stag in the morning, followed him up until night, and on the next morning, although in the heat of summer, the hound took up the scent where he had left it, and continued from daylight until midday, when we were obliged to give up all hopes. At the moment the keeper turned to me to say that he thought it useless to persevere, up jumped a roebuck, and I trolled him over with a ball in his shoulder.

Within a few days the stag was seen by some wood-cutters, and observed to be dead lame; the keeper laid wait for him, and shot him. My ball had grazed his shoulder-blade, and the wound was in process of healing.

I remember one day firing at a stag going railway pace through some young trees, and holding well forward when I pulled the trig-

ger. Over he rolled, but on running up I found him still breathing hard: I therefore thrust my knife in behind his horns. Had I not taken this precaution, he would probably have got off safe and sound. When the rest of the party assembled after the beat was over, they accompanied me to inspect the stag. After turning him over and over, we could find no trace where the bullet had taken effect until at last we discovered a small piece of skin hanging from his forehead, the ball in grazing the bone having momentarily stunned him.

I have never as yet been fortunate enough to obtain a day's shooting in Scotland; but, from what I have heard, the usual mode of giving the "coup de grace" to a wounded stag in that country is by cutting his throat. In Germany they have a manner of effecting this, which I think more humane, inasmuch as the death of the poor animal is instantaneous. A small dagger is introduced behind the ears where the back of the head joins the

neck. When this operation is performed by an experienced hand, the knife slips in with the same ease as it would into a scabbard, and life is extinct before you have had time to withdraw the weapon.

Every sportsman in Bavaria carries a knife of this description in a sheath, and placed in a narrow pocket of his trousers down the outside of the right thigh, so that the handle is easily grasped.

On approaching a stag which lies wounded on the ground, care must be taken not to risk receiving a kick from his hind legs; which is, to say the least, as dangerous as a kick from a horse. Seizing his antlers from behind, and striding over the forehand, you should by a sudden jerk bring his nose towards his chest, forcing the tines into the earth; then, placing the left knee on the left horn, you, with the left hand, should relieve the right, which by this means remains free to draw the dagger and use it in the manner described.

At a shooting-party near Freysing, on the Iser, I remember to have seen a gentleman

posted next to myself fire at a stag which fell to the shot. This, as I have already remarked, is generally a proof that the wound is high up in the flesh, and not mortal. Aware that this gentleman was not very experienced in rifle shooting, I called to him to lose no time in despatching him.

He began his operations "secundum artem;" but he omitted to use his knee, and relinquished his hold with the right hand while searching for his knife; hence the stag was not only enabled to throw up his head, but, springing from the earth while my friend was astride across his shoulders, he caused him to make a most ludicrous somersault in the air, and himself disappeared for ever in the forest.

Prince L—— had married his niece, a daughter of his elder brother. This very charming lady had been brought up in a château where sporting was carried to the extreme, and was nearly as good a shot with a rifle as her husband.

I have seen her make a double shot at stags,

killing both in the most masterly style; although the mildest and most gentle of her sex, she was an enthusiastic chamois huntress.

Many are the mountains we have climbed in pursuit of these wild little fellows. On one occasion the Princess, being placed on the top of a mountain immediately above me, fired at a chamois, which rolled over a precipice, and we had given it up for lost.

On descending into the valley where my wife and children were awaiting us with some luncheon, they informed us that they had seen an animal rolling down the precipice; and a keeper, accompanying my boys, was conducted by them to the very spot where the chamois lay dead. It is a singular fact, that one lady should shoot a chamois, whilst another, who had never seen a shot fired, should be the means of recovering it.

Partridges and hares are very abundant in the vicinity of Munich, and equal, if they do not surpass, in quantity the best preserves in Norfolk.

More than once, after successfully stalking a stag early in the morning, at perhaps a distance of six or seven miles from the capital, I have taken my gun and my pointer, and, within a mile of the town, have bagged, single-handed, from twenty-five to thirty brace of birds after luncheon. Then, sauntering back, sufficient time was left for me to play a few games at billiards in the club before dinner.

I might indeed have killed any quantity, had not his Majesty's keeper generally given me a gentle hint when he thought I had done enough for that day. This, however, depended much upon the quantity of game then for sale in the town.

The King has an establishment, composed of large, cool halls, where the game is kept for sale; and, as the price is inferior to that of butcher's meat, it is easily disposed of. I have often strolled through the establishment, and would strongly advise any traveller passing through Munich to do the same. He will see such a quantity of wild boar, red-deer, fallow-deer, and game of all sorts, as, I will ven-

ture to say, is not to be found in any other capital.

Every animal killed on the crown lands, far or near, was sent to this building. On one occasion I saw, in addition to the game I speak of, a wolf and a very large eagle, besides other rare specimens of birds of prey. The superintendant was always kind enough to let me know when any thing out of the common way had been sent in.

When the ground is sufficiently covered with snow, large sledging-parties are arranged in the following manner:—

One of the party gives a breakfast to an equal number of ladies and gentlemen.

Each gentleman is expected to come provided with a sledge, well-furnished with furs, and drawn by a pair of spiry nags covered with trappings and bells. Those who are desirous of doing the thing correctly have two outriders in livery.

After breakfast each lady's name, written upon a piece of paper and twisted up to avoid

cheating, is placed in a hat; the names of the gentlemen are placed in another.

First a lady's name is drawn, and then that of a gentleman, who becomes her chevalier for the day, and drives her in his sledge.

When this lottery is concluded, the whole party drive off to some château at a distance from Munich, with the intention of making a "soi-disant" pic-nic in the country.

This pic-nic is, however, generally transformed into an excellent dinner. French cooks and maitres d'hôtel are sent forward with every imaginable luxury. A band of music is in attendance, and dancing is continued until a late hour in the night, when the party return in the order in which they came, every outrider bearing a lighted torch.

The lady is driven to her own door, and, on handing her out of the sledge, old custom (and no bad one) gives her chevalier the right to salute her "en tout honneur." On one occasion a fair English lady fell to my lot, and made a great fuss about this proceeding. Her hus-

band, poor man, being as yet untravelled, had made her promise not to allow any thing of the sort; but I was always an advocate for good old customs, and, therefore, in this case, not a likely person to be the first to do away with them.

One summer's afternoon, taking with me my rifle, I drove over to Germaring, about ten miles from Munich, with the intention of stalking roebuck.

The keeper accompanied me into the forest; and, whilst reclining at the foot of a hill until the hour when roedeer generally begin to move towards their feeding-ground, we suddenly heard a shot fired on the summit of the hill. The keeper started up, exclaiming, "That's a poacher!" and, as it appeared to me that he would not be sorry to have my company in the pursuit, although he did not presume to make the proposal, I declared myself willing to stand by him; and off we started.

From the direction whence came the report, he judged it advisable to proceed silently to the very cutting in the forest on which he

had expected that I should have obtained a shot. Advancing cautiously to this place, we both caught sight, through some bushes, of a man on his knees, *grallochinq* a roe. His back was turned to us, and we made sure of securing him; but, on our emerging from the bushes, we discovered a second poacher mounting guard, with his back to a high thicket.

This man, cocking his gun, immediately aimed at us; at the same time, making his companion aware of the danger. We also raised our guns to our shoulders, but they did not show fight, for, springing into the thicket, they were immediately out of sight; and the only results of our pursuit were, both their hats, the slaughtered roedeer, a double-barrelled gun, and a hunting-knife.

The keeper proceeded to try and discover, from their footmarks, the direction they had taken; whilst I, persevering in my original intentions, succeeded in stalking a fine old buck.

I passed a week at Duke Maximilian's of Bavaria. We were six guns, and bagged one hundred and two roebuck, five hundred hares,

and twenty-five foxes. But, with regard to minor game, a repetition of each day's sport would only weary my readers.

During the months of August and September, I shot, to my own rifle, three chamois, twenty-eight stags, and seventeen fallow buck; and, in the course of November and December of the same year, sixteen wild boar.

The only part of Bavaria where any great quantity of wild fowl is to be met with, is near Lindau, on the Lake of Constance.

During the winter many thousand may be seen there; but the only chance of getting near them is by allowing the boat you are in to drift about during, what sailors call, very dirty weather.

I have shot several in the principality of Liechtenstein, which separates the Lake of Constance from the Grisons.

The capital of this canton, "Coire," is within half a day's journey of the Splügen, over which it has been my lot to pass at least a dozen times; it being more practicable than

most of the other Alps during the winter season.

On one occasion, on my arrival at "Coire," I was informed that, the road having been carried away in several different places by the mountain torrents, it would be impossible to proceed until a few temporary bridges could be thrown over the ravines lately formed by the water. An English family, with whom I was well acquainted, had arrived the evening before, and therefore the few days during which we were all detained, passed very agreeably for me.

Early every morning I drove down the valley through which the Rhine winds its way into the Lake of Constance, and fell in with abundance of birds of passage; and by noon I had generally rejoined my party at the hotel, having pretty well filled my bag with woodcock, duck, and snipe.

The road being at last pronounced practicable, we proceeded on our way up that most beautiful gorge called the "Via Mala;" on

one side perpendicular rocks, towering over head; on the other, the Rhine, roaring and foaming, as it falls in cascades at the depth of some hundred feet below; with nothing to save you from the precipice but a very low wooden rail.

At the village of Splügen we abandoned our carriages, and, leaving them to be conveyed over the mountain, under the care of our servants, we placed ourselves in small one-horse sledges, each containing two persons.

By this means we passed rapidly over the deep snow, and found ourselves in a warm climate, on the Italian side of the Alps, some hours before our equipages rejoined us.

I have often been detained at the foot of the Splügen, but have invariably had the good fortune to meet with acquaintances who found themselves in the same predicament.

At one time I arrived there when the hotel was filled with people I knew, all of whom were engaged in making an attack upon the milk punch, for which the landlord enjoys a well deserved reputation.

At another period I overtook the Taglione, with her daughter, who, being on the road to their villa on the Lake of Como, were detained, as well as myself and two of my sons, owing to Princess Belgiojoso's having bespoken every horse that could be found.

Here we remained four-and-twenty hours; and, what with their society, some excellent tea which that most graceful of dancers had just brought with her from England, and the famous milk punch, we passed our time without regretting the delay.

Many of my readers have undoubtedly experienced the delightful sensation of descending from these frozen regions to breathe the balmy air of Como.

Those who have that pleasure to come, should, on arriving at Varenna, send their carriages round to await them at Como; whilst they, taking to a boat, enjoy the beauties of the Villa Sommariva and the lake.

The straight road to Milan through Lecco and Monza is exceedingly monotonous, and

the post horses as detestable as the stages are long.

With the exception of birds of passage, it is seldom that any game worth mentioning is to be met with in Italy.

Had this been otherwise, nothing would have induced me to quit a country where I had passed the happiest years of my life. When, indeed, my thoughts wander back to those delightful days of my youth, when . . . . . No! no! if once I allow myself to be carried away by reminiscences of sport in the "salons" of Florence, Rome, or Naples, there is no knowing where I shall get to.

It will be, therefore, far more prudent to hark back to my shooting exploits, whether it be red-legged partridges in the island of Elba, or snipes near the mouth of the Tiber.

Of these last I have seen thousands in that neighbourhood; but, the water generally reaching above the knee, I found that the splashing noise I made in wading through the marshes caused the snipes to rise in clouds long before I could get within a proper distance. Many

were the pounds of powder consumed, and various the duckings experienced in this hopeless pursuit.

The Pontine Marshes are too well known for me to attempt describing any thing new as to the wild-fowl shooting between Rome and Terracina.

Having often made vain efforts to approach wild geese, I was exceedingly provoked at the impudent manner in which they sometimes remain near the road side when the traveller passes unarmed. This I particularly remarked once, when I had occasion to ride post from Naples to Rome, to attend a ball at Lady C———'s; returning after supper on horseback to Naples, in time to lead the cotillon on the following night at Lady Dr———d's.

As I galloped through the Pontine Marshes, I saw great numbers of wild geese close to the road. They showed no further symptoms of alarm than that of stretching out their necks to take a look at me; appearing perfectly accustomed to the clatter of the horse's hoofs,

the jingling of the bells on the throat lash, and the crack of my post whip. I found them again on my return, in the very same place; and although I pulled up my horse, they, after a deal of cackling, merely shifted their quarters a few yards further.

At the proper season, woodcocks and quails abound there.

In Sicily, there are wolves, but as I was only in that country during summer, it was useless to try for them; and as it did not occur to me to take a shot at the flying fish I saw between Sicily and Malta, I must close my account of Italian sports.

I was calling one morning upon Sir William Gell, when a Neapolitan named Cuoco was announced. This person, being desirous of making known his shop of antiquities, applied to Sir William for an English translation of his advertisement.

That clever and most agreeable gentleman, having been much annoyed by similar applications, immediately wrote the following off-hand production, little thinking that within a few

days we should see it stuck upon the walls of Naples.

I happen to have one of these printed copies in my possession. Here it is.

Avviso al Pubblico.

Giuseppe Cuoco, fa notó a questo rispettabile pubblico, e particolarmente agl' Inglesi, amatori d' oggetti antichi, come tiena una rimarchevole bella celebre, e splendida raccolta d' antichità accuramente scavati da' suoi proprj scavi. Essa è composta di terra cotta, marmi antichi, bassi rilievi utensilj, patere per sagrifizj, e lumi antichi: un assortimento di teste e piedi da calvi, i quali possono comprarsi separatamente da chi n' è amante.

Vi sono bronzi, candelabri con vasi di Nola; patere Etrusche ed altri og-

Joseph the cook, he offer to one illuminated public, and most particularly for British knowing men in general, one remarkable, pretty, famous, and splendid collection of old goods all quite new, excavated from private personal diggings. He sell cooked clays, old marbles with antient basso relievos, with stewing pots, brass sacrificing pans, and antik lamps. Here is a stocking of calves' heads and feets for single ladies' and amateur gentleman's travelling: also, old coppers and candlesticks, with Nola jugs, Etruscan saucers, and

getti ricercati da persone d' alta intelligenza, dai quali cerca l' attenzione da' conoscenti, nonchè dopo esser pienamente soddisfatti spera godere i loro grandi auspicj.

Infine esso Cuoco pulisce e cambia oggetti antichi con moderni per facilitare la compra à Signori dilettanti, possiede altresi medaglie con rovesce rare, ed originale il tutto a moderatissimi prezzi.

much more intellectual mind's articles; all entitling him to learned man's inspection to examine him and supply it with illustrious protection, of whom he hope full and valorous satisfaction.

N.B. He make all the old ting brand new, and the new tings all old, for gentlemans who has collections, and wishes to change him. He have also one manner quite original for make join two sides of different monies, producing one medallion, all indeed unique, and advantage him to sell by exportation for strange cabinets and museums of the exterior Potentates.

Chiaja sotto al Palazzo di Calabritto.

Previously to leaving Italy, in 1834, I was fortunate enough to be at Castellamare during the great eruption of Vesuvius, when the cone

on the summit, which I had ascended only a few days before, fell into the crater.

The lava broke out of the side of the mountain, and streaming down towards a part of the country which had never before been subjected to this calamity, destroyed a couple of villages. I was present with some friends when, during the night, it devoured the last of these villages, situated at a distance of four miles from the base of the mountain.

As this liquid fire advanced into the plain, it lost much of its rapidity, and became more like masses of burning coal, rolling along so slowly at last, that we had full time to retire leisurely before it whilst watching the olive trees cracking and bending down from the heat, previously to being swallowed up.

Three days after this I rode over the lava that covered the village, without seeing a vestige of even a chimney.

I was then in company with a very distinguished English nobleman, who had been kind enough to offer me that for which I was most anxious, namely, a berth in his beautiful cut-

ter, with the prospect of a cruise to Malta and back.

It is generally supposed that, when one of the Italian volcanoes is pouring forth its fiery contents, the others remain comparatively quiet.

On this occasion, however, such was not the case; for on the first night of our cruise we left Vesuvius spouting up flames to an immense height; on the second night, Stromboli served us as a splendid lighthouse, and on the third, as we ran through the Straits of Messina, Etna had awoke from his usual torpor.

On arriving at Malta, and whilst awaiting the captain of the port with our "pratique," we were much amused by the dexterity of some boys in diving under the yacht to recover small pieces of money which we threw into the sea on the opposite side. The water at the entrance to the harbour is so beautifully clear that a very small object on the ground beneath is easily distinguished.

On our return in the middle of July we were becalmed between Syracuse and Catania,

and never shall I forget the extent to which we suffered from heat. On the deck was a large hamper full of Malta oranges, intended as a present to a lady at Naples; but I am afraid that, in consequence of our excessive thirst, very few, if any, reached their destination.

When once reinstated in my apartment at the "Vittoria," I invited the captain of the yacht to dine with me. He was a master in the navy, and a thorough sailor in every sense of the word, and would never set foot on shore if he could possibly avoid it.

For me he, however, on this day made an exception; and having to traverse a part of Naples with which he was unacquainted, he thought fit to hail an open two-wheeled conveyance, into which he scrambled.

The driver placed the reins in the hands of my friend, who supposed it was merely intended he should hold them for a moment.

To his astonishment, however, the driver sprang up behind, and administering a cut

with his whip, started the Rosinante at a gallop.

A friend whom I had asked to meet him was standing with me on a balcony, when we perceived the Captain galloping down the smooth pavement of the "Via di Chiaja," hauling the horse from one side to the other, and hallooing to the fellow behind to belay with his whip.

This was all in vain, for the man with the red cap was evidently determined to bring him up to the door in style.

On alighting, the Captain shook his fist at the driver, declaring, in English, that he never would again venture in such a trap, and expressed a strong desire to catch the fellow on board the yacht, if 'twere only for one half hour.

From Naples I returned to Florence, and the Tuscan "Maremme," where formerly woodcocks were very plentiful; but of late years they have not been so numerous.

Quails have afforded me good sport in the

neighbourhood of Leghorn, where I used formerly to pass my summers. Surrounded by the sea, and at a distance of about three miles from the harbour, stands a rock, called the "Melora." To this place we often sailed, taking with us our breakfast.

On one of these excursions, we had hardly finished our meal when the weather took a very threatening aspect, and, as I was accompanied by my family, the boatman insisted on our immediate return. We made all sail with our little craft, but were overtaken by the squall; we saw at the same time three waterspouts in different directions, all three within a mile of us.

One of these we observed to pass over a boat, which disappeared for an instant; then, again, we perceived it, upside down, with two men clinging to it; but some fishermen came to the rescue, and they were saved.

The second spout passed through the shipping in the roads, doing much damage to the rigging.

The third went on shore, and appeared to become a whirlwind of sand.

With a lady, in a small boat half filled with water, it may be well imagined that this was rather a nervous affair; and right glad was I when we entered the harbour.

CHAP. IV.

ADVENTURES OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

FROM Leghorn I proceeded to England, with the intention of purchasing a race-horse to take abroad. On my arrival in London I met with a friend, who invited me to stay with him in one of the northern counties, and placed his hunting stable at my disposal.

The first time I rode to hounds in that part of the country I found myself, at the end of a tolerable run, at some distance from home, and totally unacquainted with the neighbourhood.

Having observed a stout well looking gentleman of a certain age, who kept to the roads, but who every now and then put in an appearance when many of those who rode to the hounds were thrown out, I concluded that he must be well acquainted with the country, and therefore addressed myself to him for information as to my route.

On my naming the friend with whom I was staying, he offered most courteously to accompany me until such time as he could put me into a road which would lead straight to my friend's house.

When about to separate from the rest of the "field," I turned to ask a person with whom I had been previously acquainted, who it was that I was about to accompany. "That is Mr. ——, a retired naval officer," replied he, "and one who thoroughly knows the country; but probably you are not aware that he has had the misfortune to lose his eyesight: you may, however, safely abandon yourself to his guidance."

With this he galloped off, and I trotted after my new friend; not without some misgivings as to the possibility of his carrying out his offer.

I soon discovered this gentleman's conversation to be as agreeable as his manners were courteous and obliging.

Greatly to my astonishment he never seemed to hesitate as to a choice of roads, for when-

ever we turned off the main line, he would remark, without my having made any observation on the subject, that the road we did not take led to such or such a place; and every now and then would point in the direction of some gentleman's seat, as being worthy of my attention.

Finally, on arriving at a cross road, he observed that we must now part; but his explanations were so clearly given that I had no difficulty in finding my way, after watching him trot briskly off in a contrary direction.

Since then, I have frequently met this gentleman at the covert side.

On one of these occasions he related to me the following account of his adventures, when, at the age of fourteen, he was serving as midshipman on board one of His Majesty's frigates.

"When cruizing off Cherbourg we chased two brigs; and the captains of these, finding that no hope of escape remained, forthwith ran them on shore, where the ebb tide left them high and dry.

"In the middle of the night Capt. R——

ordered out the boats, for the purpose of destroying these brigs.

"Having asked leave to go as a volunteer, I found myself in a boat with four men, and was desired to land and keep watch whilst the others were busy in setting fire to the vessels, in the execution of which plan they were successful. But the flames soon brought a considerable number of troops to the beach.

"It was now high time to re-embark; but on proceeding to the place where I had left the boat in care of one man, I found to my dismay that she had disappeared.

"Finding ourselves hotly pressed, we forced a few prisoners, whom we had taken, to accompany us into the sea, as far as we could wade; but, on attempting to fire at our pursuers, we discovered that the water had rendered our powder totally useless.

"My men having been cut down by the cavalry, I took to swimming in the direction in which I heard the voices of those who manned our launch; but alas! the sound waxed fainter and fainter, and at last, finding my

strength fail me, I once more turned towards the shore; where I arrived so much exhausted that I was for some time tossed to and fro by the surf; and only by the greatest exertion did I succeed in reaching dry land. The night was dark, but upon looking towards the burning ships I found that the tide had carried me to some distance; and, crawling in amongst some sand-hills, I concealed myself to the best of my ability, and soon fell fast asleep.

"In the morning I was awoke by a party of soldiers, who, having followed my track on the sand, made me their prisoner, and conducted me into the presence of their officers, who, during the few hours I was allowed to remain with them, treated me with great kindness.

"I was, however, soon marched off to Valognes, where I was thrown into a prison, together with common malefactors; and I ascribe the severity with which I was treated partly to our men having succeeded in burning the two vessels, partly to the recent conspiracy of George Cadoudal, in which England was supposed to have been concerned.

"From Valognes I was marched through France to Verdun, although labouring under an attack of typhus fever. Here I remained four years in company with many of my countrymen; the younger portion of whom were often engaged in some lark, which brought them into disgrace with the authorities.

"The usual punishment for the most refractory was that of being transferred to the fortress of Sarre Louis. This for some time I had managed to avoid; but at last I was sent off.

"Having received a remittance from my friends in England, I, after some time, succeeded in purchasing for a small sum a good serviceable horse, which was considered so vicious that no one else would buy it.

"This horse I caused to be stationed in an adjoining village, and then, watching my opportunity, I effected my escape from the fortress.

"The nearest frontier was in the direction of the Rhine; but for this reason greater vigilance was displayed on that side of the country than on any other.

"Mounted on my new purchase, and trusting to my disguise, and to the knowledge I had acquired of the French "patois," I, therefore, determined to work my way through France, passing near Metz, Cambray, and Lille. Always avoiding large towns, and taking care to arrive at some small inn late at night, and to start again before daybreak, I succeeded, after meeting with various minor adventures, in reaching Dunkirk.

"On my arrival, I put up my horse at an inferior inn on the outskirts of the town; and wandered towards the sea shore, in the vain hope of finding some means of embarking. Driven by hunger into the town, yet afraid of entering a hotel, I prowled about the streets, and perceiving a lady and her daughter about to enter the door of what I supposed to be their own house, I pushed in after them, somewhat to their surprise and momentary consternation.

"The lady, however, observing my extreme youth, and listening to the partial account I gave her of my forlorn position, took compas-

sion on me. She offered me the refreshment I so much needed, but said she could make me no sort of promise until her husband Monsieur Bernard should return home.

"Luckily for me, this gentleman treated me with great kindness, and allowed me to remain concealed in his house. He caused my horse to be removed to a farm some miles from the town, and proceeded to make cautious but unsuccessful inquiries as to the means of effecting my escape to England.

"After the lapse of a few days my escape from Sarre Louis became known, and, the hue and cry once raised, it was no longer deemed prudent for me to remain in Dunkirk.

"Remarking, moreover, symptoms of anxiety in the family as to the danger they would incur, were it known that they had harboured me, I procured a blouse and a pair of sabots, and, in this peasant dress, I passed through the gates of the town.

"I walked along a road running parallel with the coast: and when in the vicinity of an extensive garden, I perceived several boys making

their escape from an orchard, and hotly pursued by the proprietor. Entering into conversation with this person, I accompanied him within the walls of his garden; he then informed me that he was a market gardener, and expatiated violently upon the way he suffered from the depredations of these youths.

"I thought it good policy to show some indignation at the manner in which he described himself to have been tormented, and was in consequence invited to partake of his frugal repast. I then suggested that, as I was at that moment out of employment, he should accept my services as night watcher, at the same time stating that I required no wages, but would be perfectly satisfied should he be disposed to afford me board and lodging. "Ma foi! cela me va," said he; and I forthwith entered upon my new functions, fulfilling my duties most zealously during the time I remained with him.

"Jérome Cresson was a widower, with an only daughter, whom he sincerely loved, but yet constantly scolded, making use of rough and unmeasured language.

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"Pretty Cécile (methinks I see her now, with her espiègle eyes and little "nez rétroussé") was of a most cheerful disposition; so much so, indeed, that her vivacity often gave rise to harsh reproof on the part of her father.

"Having no one to comfort her on these occasions, nor any girl of her own age to whom she could confide her little sorrows, it was natural that she should, after a time, feel pleasure in meeting with one who would listen attentively to the outpourings of her imaginary grief.

"In process of time I became convinced that I might rely on her neither betraying me nor compromising my safety by any indiscretion; and, therefore, revealing the truth, I gave her an account of my past adventures and future prospects.

"She was evidently pleased at discovering my station in life to be above that which I occupied in her father's house, and much flattered at the confidence I had reposed in her secrecy. Her goodness of heart, and love of adventure, prompted her to enter fully into my views,

and I soon had reason to rejoice at having enlisted in my cause the sympathy of one of that dear sex, on which, when in trouble, we can always rely for consolation and assistance.

"It was arranged between us, that Cécile should persuade her father to allow her to accompany him on one of his visits to Dunkirk, taking with her a note from me to Monsieur Bernard, who, she told me, was a customer of theirs.

"By this means I was enabled to convey intelligence to him with regard to my place of abode. His answer brought me the pleasing news that he had been exerting himself in my behalf, having confided in a Mr. Scott, who had inhabited Dunkirk for the last forty years as a brandy merchant, and who consequently held frequent communication with those who smuggled spirits into England.

"To this gentleman's house I repaired in the disguise of a country girl, with a market basket on one arm, and charming Cécile on the other; and here I was received with much kindness. Mr. Scott ultimately agreed with some smug-

glers that, upon my giving them a bill for twenty pounds, they should land me on the English coast.

"On the evening on which these men intended to sail, I was smuggled on board, and stowed away amongst their barrels of gin; but unfortunately, the wind not being judged sufficient to ensure their being able to run their cargo in the course of that night, I was obliged to remain for twenty-four hours in this cramped position.

"On the following night we sailed, and when at the distance of a couple of leagues from shore, I was allowed to appear on deck.

"The smugglers landed me in the neighbourhood of Harwich; and great was my joy, after a six years' captivity, to find myself once more a free man, with my foot on my native shore.

"It would be a gross injustice on my part did I omit to mention, to the honour of the French nation, that, although my position at Dunkirk was known to upwards of twenty individuals, and a reward offered, not one of these ever divulged the secret.

"Having risen to the rank of lieutenant, I again went afloat, but after a time, circumstances induced me to return to my native country where I became the master of a pack of hounds. To this circumstance I chiefly owe my knowledge of the country I live in, and a great consolation it proves to me in my affliction, that I can roam about unattended, and perfectly independent of assistance; not that I wish to detract from the merits of the old mare I am riding, who seems perfectly to understand that she is charged with a certain responsibility; whether it be the latch of a gate I must open, or the door bell of a house at which I wish to call, she will, of her own accord, place herself in such a position that, by merely extending my hand, I am certain to find these objects within my grasp."

I am informed that this gentleman continues to ride about the country, and is even now (1853) engaged in teaching a young horse, sixteen hands high, to adopt the ways of his old mare, "Cécile."

Having succeeded in effecting the purchase

of a race-horse adapted to the purpose I had in view, I again returned to Italy, and thence to Germany. After some success I wound up my racing tour by winning a good stake at Prague. My horse was however claimed, and on his leaving my stable I chanced to throw my eye into the manger, where I lighted upon the following manuscript, which I concluded to be the production of my trainer; and having, to the best of my ability, corrected the orthography, I now insert it as having reference to my sporting exploits in Bohemia.

CHAP V.

ADVENTURES OF A RACE-HORSE ON THE CONTINENT—HIS TRAVELS AND EXPLOITS IN BELGIUM, ITALY, VIENNA, HUNGARY, AND BOHEMIA — HAWKING IN HUNGARY — STAG-HUNTING AT PARDUBITZ — STEEPLE-CHASES — PARTRIDGE SHOOTING IN NOVEMBER — "BATTUES" IN THE FOREST—LIFE IN BOHEMIAN CHÂTEAUX.

ADVENTURES OF A RACE-HORSE ON THE CONTINENT.

"I NEVER possessed any great turn of speed, but my conduct had been invariably such as to place my character for honesty above all suspicion.

Imagine, then, what my feelings must have been when, training for a race which proved to be my last on British turf, I found myself in the hands of a man whose character was in direct opposition to mine. This man, by combinations best known to himself, and entirely without my participation, had contrived to arrange matters in such a manner that he considered me safe to carry off the Chester Cup.

Confiding in these arrangements and in my integrity, he (to use racing phraseology) put the pot on. Unluckily, however, for him, there was a slip between the *cup* and the lip. He had overlooked or despised a mare from the sister country, as not worth the trouble of making safe. At the moment when, to all appearances, I had the race in hand, he beheld, to his utter dismay, this mare collar me, and beat me for speed on the post.

After this "fiasco," I was sent back to my stables in disgrace, and looked upon as rubbish that could no longer contribute as an ingredient to make any future pot boil.

Hardly had I recovered from my scars and stripes, when a gentleman from the continent, hearing of my reputation for honesty and soundness, came to look at me. He passed his hand down my clean and bony legs, and, with the observation that he was aware "I was as slow as a top," finally bought me for a paltry three hundred.

Within a very few days I found myself pent up in a sort of cradle, on board a steamer

bound to Antwerp, and under the care of a diminutive private trainer, who showed me every possible attention.

At Antwerp, we were expected by my new master, who, as soon as the vessel neared the pier, came on board, patting me on the neck, and making tender inquiries as to the state of my health.

A sort of bridge having been placed as a means of passing from the vessel to the quay, I was invited to walk forth from my box. Having, however, great misgivings in regard to the solidity of the planks, no persuasion could induce me to move, although my fellow passengers had given me the "pas," and waited to see my performance.

For a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing every one at a nonplus. My master was, as I afterwards had occasion to remark, well accustomed to contend with difficulties, and holding up his leg was hoisted by the trainer, jockey fashion, upon my back.

Flattered by the confidence he seemed to place in my intelligence, seconded by a squeeze

from his thighs, and a knowing shake of the bridle, I forthwith carried him safely on shore.

Whatever may have been my regret at quitting my native turf, and finding myself a wanderer in a foreign land, I was soon consoled, when introduced to a clean, airy, loose box stored with all that could tend to my comfort, and situated on the rise of a hill which overlooked the Brussels race-course.

The races were to take place the following week, and on the second morning after my arrival I was taken merely to have a look at the course.

In passing through a muddy lane, I had the misfortune to pick up a large nail in my near hind foot, and within four-and-twenty hours my leg was dreadfully swollen up to the very hip. Although from continual fomentations it was reduced by the day on which the great prize was to be contested, I felt myself hardly equal to the task.

My too sanguine master brought me to the post, and I managed to win the first heat through very deep sticky ground.

On pulling up, it became evident that it was out of the question my being able to start for the next heat, and I was accordingly sent to my stable.

On the last day of the races my master started me for a handicap, which I struggled through, beating only by a head a set of brutes with whom I was ashamed to be seen in company.

In after life I never had much reason to complain of the treatment I experienced; but I cannot help thinking that it would have been better for my master's interests, instead of starting me at such a disadvantage, had he thrown me out of training, preparatory to my journey to Italy.

My route to Florence by the Rhine and over the Splügen is too well known for me to hazard any remarks. The only adventure of any consequence to me was, that my trainer, anxious to spare me a few miles of road, placed me on a steamer at Constance. When disembarking at the further end of the lake, one of my hind legs broke through the planks along

which I was obliged to walk to the shore. The struggles I made to release myself caused the plank to turn over, precipitating me into the lake with this long board attached to my leg. How I was extricated from this I know not, for I am ashamed to say that I had lost all presence of mind.

In due time I reached Florence, having crossed the Apennines in a snow storm, which made me doubt the truth of all I had picked up relating to the climate of Italy.

Once at Florence I was turned loose in a box larger than any London ball-room. Here I remained until the month of March, my master having apparently forgotten my existence.

As soon as the weather permitted I was put in training; but, bored at being always alone, I began to show symptoms of ill humour. To obviate this my master procured the services of a soi-disant half-bred horse, which henceforward took precedence of me when at exercise.

After two months' preparation I was sent

off with my stable companion to Turin, where I had the benefit of an excellent training ground in the neighbourhood. The races take place on the place d'armes, which is as hard as a turnpike road.

In consequence of the marriage of the Crown Prince with an Archduchess of Austria, all Italy had congregated here. Amongst the festivities announced were races with some good stakes for thorough-bred horses, and a couple for half-breds.

All these were pocketed by my master, who immediately sent us off to do the same at Milan. He remained a day longer to be present at a grand carrousel to take place on the square of St. Charles, built up as an amphitheatre, which contained twenty thousand well dressed people.

The Duke of Genoa, with one hundred and twenty of the Piedmontese nobles, formed different quadrilles. All were well mounted and equipped, wearing the Savoyard costumes of the olden time, each quadrille representing a separate epoch.

I heard my master, on rejoining us at Milan, declare that he had never witnessed any thing so splendid, or so well executed.

At Milan, we were equally fortunate; but my master, probably elated with his success, and indulging at the club dinner in rather too much champagne, must needs make a match to ride my half-bred companion in a hurdle race, with very high and perfectly stiff posts and rail fences. Forgetting that he was much too heavy for a weed like my friend, who, moreover, had no idea of leaping, my master forced him over the first fence, but in so doing the horse fell upon him, both lying for a time senseless. My master was bled three times in one day, and was obliged to keep his bed for three weeks.

From Bologna I was sent off in a van with a beautiful black Arabian (my master's hack) through Ferrara to Ponteba, whence, the Carinthian mountains proving too much for the van, I had to walk to Vienna.

Soon after my arrival, and only a few days before the races, I fell ill; the change of food,

and more especially the water, having a very disagreeable effect upon me. It was but a poor consolation to hear that this happens to all horses on their first arrival.

I recovered, however, in time to go down into Hungary; and truly magnificent was the view of Pesth and the broad Danube, as the steamer approached the town.

My master was well known here, having himself ridden many races in his younger days on this course.

I managed to pick up two cups; one given by Count Széchényi, the other by the town of Pesth; and was exceedingly amused in witnessing a race between some forty Hungarian peasants, in their loose linen trowsers and broad-brimmed black hats; all riding without saddles.

My ever-stirring master forthwith packs me off to Prague in Bohemia, passing through Vienna and Brunn.

The races at Prague take place in October; and being the last of the year, they are attended by all proprietors of racing esta-

blishments in Germany, both Prussian and Austrian.

As we were now only in June, my master went off to Baden Baden, and I saw no more of him until the morning of the race; to see which he had travelled four days and nights; and I heard (for servants *will* talk) that his pocket was none the better for his summer at that watering place.

He seemed indeed mightily pleased when I pulled him through, by winning a stake worth to him a clear two thousand eight hundred ducats, about thirteen hundred pounds sterling.

This prize is given for stallions, by a subscription from some sporting noblemen, who reserve to themselves the right of claiming the winner; and then draw lots amongst themselves as to who shall be the purchaser.

I fell into the hands of Count H——y, who, taking me back into Hungary, made me lead gallops for his young ones.

He afterwards sold me to Prince T——r and T——s, and I am now permanently established in Moravia, and flatter myself I

have succeeded in carrying out his views, by improving the breed in that country."

When residing at Vienna, I was invited by an old friend, Prince T——f, to join a hawking party in Hungary. The prince had imported from Holland a number of hawks, and an experienced huntsman with his attendants.

After breakfasting at a gentleman's house, situated on the frontiers of Austria and Hungary, and to which we had sent on our horses over night, we proceeded into the centre of an extensive plain.

Here we found the Dutch huntsman, with several hawks hooded, and placed on a pole, carried horizontally.

After witnessing, with much interest, all the preparations and consultations relating to the sport we expected, I began to look about me for a place to which herons would be likely to resort. To my surprise I could distinguish nothing but downs, extending as far as the eye could reach.

Upon expressing myself to this effect, I was informed, that about noon we should see herons soaring at a great height; that they frequent the Danube, to which they return about that time of day, from a fishing excursion on a large lake many miles inland. The heron, being well gorged, is brought upon an equality with the falcon; for, I was then told that, were it otherwise, the heron when crossing these plains is at so great a distance that the hawk would seldom succeed in striking his quarry.

To each horseman was handed a small bag, containing a live pigeon, which is attached to the wrist by a few yards of string. This pigeon is allowed to flutter to the extent of its tether, as a lure to recover the hawk after his flight; for should he have missed the heron, he pounces upon this poor bird, bearing it to the earth; when the sportsman, throwing himself from his horse, secures the hawk.

To succeed in effecting this, it is necessary to follow the hawk at full speed when he is in pursuit of his game; during which his object is to soar high, in order to strike his prey from

above. The heron, fully aware of his intention, does his best to prevent it; and should he fail, will turn over on his back; and he has been known to transfix the hawk with his long beak, at the moment he makes his swoop.

The object of the rider is to regain possession of the falcon, generally a valuable bird. In attempting this, while riding full gallop, with my face turned towards the sky, and watching the manœuvres of the two combatants, I occasionally found my horse and self rolling over each other.

Hawking appeared to me exciting, from the uncertainty which exists until the last moment, as to which bird will get the best of the contest. It has also the advantage of being a resource, at a time when no other sport is in season.

After the October race meeting at Prague, most of the company rush off for the purpose of stag-hunting at Pardubitz, the Melton of Bohemia.

This small town is situated on the banks of the Elbe at a distance of about thirty miles

from Prague, and has lately become a railroad station on the way to Vienna.

I was agreeably surprised at finding a double pack of splendid stag-hounds, with English huntsman and whips, all perfectly appointed and well mounted. The hounds are kept by a club formed of gentlemen from all parts of the Austrian dominions, some of whom are well known at Belvoir. The whole establishment was placed under the able management of Prince F—— L——, who had consented to act as master of the hounds. This arrangement proved advantageous from the prince being colonel of a regiment of hussars quartered in the town, and consequently being obliged to remain the greater part of the year on the spot.

I dined with him every day during my stay, and a small party of ladies met every evening in the princess's drawing-room. After these soirées, we, men, adjourned to the club for a rubber of whist and cigars.

The stag-hounds met four days a week. On the other two we took a gallop with a capital

pack of harriers belonging to Count C——, who kindly sent them over every season from his residence.

There is scarcely any timber-jumping, but rivers and brooks in abundance. The country is generally very deep, and the hounds so fast that a strong stable of horses is required by those who wish to live with them.

Many of these gentlemen keep from ten to fourteen well-bred English hunters, each averaging in value from two to three hundred pounds. My finances obliged me to content myself with a stable of screws, which I picked up cheap: some with only hind legs to be depended upon; others vicious or hard-mouthed, runaway brutes; but fourteen stone, a strong arm, and heavy ground soon brought these last to their senses.

The very first day I was out we had a capital run, but darkness coming on I found myself alone, some eighteen miles from home, with a hot washy chesnut dead beat. When at last I reached a miserable village, no one was to be found who could speak a word of Ger-

man; nor did I at that time understand any thing of the Bohemian language; but I managed to get my horse into a stable, and, by dint of rummaging about, procured all that was necessary to make him comfortable for the night. What with gesticulations and constantly repeating the name of the town where I lived, I succeeded in procuring a dung-cart to convey me home, where I arrived, having slept soundly through a drenching rain. I afterwards heard that the inhabitants of the village had shown so little disposition to meet my wishes from imagining that top boots and a red coat could only be worn by a livery servant.

At the beginning of the hunting season it was usual to devote a day or two to steeple-chases; some for gentlemen riders, and some for professionals. At one of these an old white horse made his appearance, called "Buffoon," formerly well known in England as a steeple-chaser: he had only lately arrived, with a coat like a bear, very shaky legs, and altogether unfit to run. In this state, although

a very game old horse, he disappointed his owner, and I obtained him for an old song. In the spring of the following year I brought him out at Pottendorff, near Vienna, for a stake worth three hundred pounds, which he won through his very superior fencing, and the good riding of his jockey, who had some difficulty in assisting the poor old horse to keep his legs on landing after each leap.

Towards the end of the race my jockey passed the wrong side of a flag, of which he was at once informed by two of my antagonists, whose good feeling and love of fair play overcame all thoughts of private interest. I am convinced that in no other country should I have met such chivalrous opponents; and, although I was too much occupied at the time to make any remark, I am not sorry to have an opportunity of proving that such generosity has remained impressed upon my memory.

Whenever a frost prevented our hunting we adjourned to one of the neighbouring châteaux, where we were invited to shoot.

Were I to recapitulate the number of pheasants, hares, and roebucks killed at these "chasses," I am afraid my readers would set me down as a rival to Baron Munchausen. Should they, however, question any person belonging to that country, they will hear more than I dare to tell.

The first time I attended one of these "battues" was in the month of November, and, as the game was to be exclusively partridge, I felt some curiosity as to how this would be managed so late in the season when birds are wild.

In the centre of a plain are planted coverts, known in France as "remises." These are never allowed to grow higher than a man's shoulder, and thus become exceedingly thick, affording good shelter for game.

Previous to our arrival at the rendezvous, the whole extent of plain had been driven by several hundred peasants. We were eighteen sportsmen, and, on arriving at the extremity of the coverts, each had a narrow path pointed out to him, along which he was to accompany

the beaters, followed by his two loaders, with other men carrying ten or twelve double-barrelled guns and ammunition.

We that day killed eleven hundred partridges, and two hundred and fifty hares.

On another occasion, being invited to shoot chiefly roe-deer in a large forest about twenty miles from Pardubitz, I took with me one of my sons, who had come over during the Sandhurst vacation, and whom Count H——h had asked to meet his own sons. The lad shot well, but was naturally over eager at seeing so much more game than he was accustomed to.

I was placed at a sharp corner of a beat, with my son on my left, and my friend's family tutor on my right. Presently a fine buck stood opposite me, but, perceiving that my boy was about to fire, I remained motionless. The deer was standing immediately between him and the tutor.

"By Jove! if he misses the buck, he'll bag my friend to the right," said I to myself; when bang! goes his gun, *down* falls the buck, and *up* jumps the tutor, the leggings of his trow-

sers somewhat damaged by a sprinkling of shot.

That evening came a thaw, and away we all rushed back to Pardubitz, where we mounted our hunters, and had capital runs with the stag-hounds as long as the weather remained open.

When the winter frost sets in, about the middle of December, it generally lasts in Bohemia for a couple of months.

I therefore took that opportunity to profit by the numerous invitations I had received to shoot in different parts of the country. The first château I visited was not very far from our hunting quarters, and belonged to General S——.

I had received a large card of invitation, handsomely ornamented with sporting vignettes, announcing six grand days in honour of three young Archdukes who happened to be in that part of the country. The company were particularly requested to arrive on the previous day.

I was the first to make my appearance, and

found the General skating on a piece of water in the garden. On my approach he came gliding towards me; but whilst intent upon grasping my hand his heels slipped up, and down he fell sprawling on his back.

At the same moment we heard the clang of postillion horns, and the General, kicking off his skates, hastened to receive the Archdukes and their retinue. These were followed at intervals by the rest of the company, who came pouring in from all sides; and, including ladies and sportsmen, upwards of thirty people sat down to dinner.

At about eleven o'clock, when the ladies went to bed, and the Archdukes had retired to their own apartments, we resorted to the bachelor rooms; where, with cigars, whist, &c., we every night kept it up until four or five in the morning. Thus we never obtained more than three hours sleep, for at seven the butler went the round of the house, carrying an awful gong, which he thumped so loudly and so long as completely to do away with any drowsiness or reluctance to rise.

At eight precisely, the breakfast-table was covered with viands of every description, together with wine, beer, tea, coffee, and liqueurs; reminding me of the old baronial hospitality which one reads of as having been practised in former times.

In the quadrangle of the château were sledges and equipages of various description, which conveyed us to the forest, where we found the keepers. We walked along a broad ride, until each arrived at the place where he was to stand during the first beat, and at which he found his own attendant already posted with his guns ready loaded. As soon as the guns were placed, a shrill blast from a diminutive horn, which each keeper has attached to his game bag, caused the beat to commence.

Now came quantities of roe, hares, and pheasants, and here and there a fox; the skin of this last being a perquisite of the keeper's, he usually takes care to place a good shot at the most likely pass for these wily fellows, who are much more difficult to shoot than any other game.

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The fox chooses the thickest covert, and the moment he perceives the sportsman, turns short round, whilst other game generally present a broad side; besides which, he requires a strong charge of shot, and must be hit well forwards. I once happened to roll one over in the middle of a path, where he remained as if dead; but, after my attention had been diverted by some other incident, I looked in his direction and found that he had vanished; nor could a good retriever succeed in catching him.

When the beaters had traversed half the covert, the keepers on each flank blew their little horns, and were answered by other keepers, who were intermingled with the beaters. This is done, in order to know whether the proper line is maintained.

When within sixty yards of the guns the horns are again blown, after which no sportsman is allowed to fire in the direction of the beaters.

Out came about eighty of these, and, without any vociferation or noise, off they marched in Indian file. We then merely turned our

backs to the covert just beaten, and upon the horn being again sounded, eighty other beaters drove the opposite wood; the first placing themselves in the mean time so as to be ready to drive a third covert.

In the six days we killed three thousand one hundred and eleven head, and this not in home preserves, but in wild forests.

Amongst the different schemes devised by our host for the amusement of the ladies in the evening, a lottery was proposed; and my son was despatched to a neighbouring town to lay in a store of small trifles for this purpose.

Count S—— had hired for the week the actors belonging to the Prague theatre, who performed every evening after dinner. On the night of the intended lottery, and at the moment we were leaving the theatre, the fire-alarm bell was rung in the village.

We all rushed forth, and were soon stationed, the Archdukes amongst the rest, in single file, to pass buckets of water. The fire was subdued, but not until one house had been totally consumed.

On returning to the drawing room, I proposed that the different articles which my son had brought over for the lottery should be disposed of by auction, for the benefit of those who had suffered by the conflagration.

The idea was applauded, and adopted *nem. con.;* and my son being placed upon a billiard table, the sale began.

Each person bidding high, many trifles worth a few pence were sold for as many napoleons. The Archdukes entered most liberally into the spirit of the affair; and the editor of the Prague newspaper, hearing of what had taken place, published a flaming account, giving their imperial and royal highnesses the full credit of the idea and its execution.

The General keeps a game book, the exactness of which can be easily proved, by the accounts of the dealers who buy the game. I looked over this book, and found that the best year's sport was that of 1842, and amounted to 13,732 head, of which only 159 were rabbits, and 46 marked down as miscellaneous.

Our party breaking up, I proceeded to another part of Bohemia, having been invited to pass a fortnight at Prince T——'s, where I met a large party; and where, in addition to splendid sport, the evenings were passed most agreeably. Amongst other amusements, on one occasion charades in costume were the order of the day; my Italian Leporello proving most useful in the confection of headgear.

These performances took place in a magnificent hall, with large screens across, in lieu of a drop curtain; and I remember, that, the Judgment of Paris forming part of one of the charades, a discussion arose among the ladies, each denying all pretension to personify Venus; not but what the part would have suited any one of the fair dames assembled in the château, and none more so than the mistress of the mansion. Our host, however, interfered; and, leaving it to them to settle who should take the parts of Juno and Minerva, declared that he had a Venus in petto who would outdo them all.

Accordingly, in the evening, when the screen was withdrawn, a gentleman, representing Paris, appeared upon a white unshod Arabian, and, in the background, the three goddesses seated on a cloud.

Juno was superb, Minerva was perfect, but Venus was represented by a swarthy captain of hussars from an adjacent garrison.

In this château shooting did not become so much a matter of business as at some places in Germany. Here we seldom slilied forth until after eleven, returning at five; but we had capital sport. Most Bohemians are good musicians; and this proved the case with the Prince's corps of foresters, who, on this estate alone, amounted to sixty. Each day, at about two o'clock, we were conducted to some open space in the forest, where we found the game we had shot in the course of the morning laid out upon the ground, a good luncheon provided, and the corps of jägers, in uniform, ready to receive us, with their fine band of wind instruments.

I was present at a ball in the servants' hall,

and there witnessed the national dance, "the Polka." This is danced gracefully, and with an ease not attained by the thousands of people I have seen attempt it in the different saloons of other countries; and who might as well give this dance another name, for it in no wise resembles the real Polka.

In some parts of the country, when it happens that a manor has not been shot over for a season or two, the hares become so numerous that it is absolutely necessary to destroy a large quantity.

The best time for this is when snow is on the ground. Some forty or fifty sportsmen are invited; and, with several hundred beaters, form a circle, called a "kessel trieb," embracing a distance of several miles, the beaters being evenly distributed between the guns. In the centre of the circle stands a high pole; and upon a given signal all march in the direction of this pole.

As the circle becomes smaller, hundreds of hares are to be seen rushing to and fro, and the cannonade commences; but, owing to the

hares appearing in the snow larger than they really are, the young sportsman is apt to be greatly deceived as to distance; and therefore, at the beginning of a battue of this description, much powder and shot is uselessly expended.

When the circle no longer admits of firing into the centre without danger to the beaters, a trumpet is sounded; and then the sportsmen remain stationary, and are only allowed to fire at the game when it has passed them; the beaters continue to advance into the centre.

At Prince T——ff's I was one of twelve sportsmen, when this manœuvre was resorted to, with one thousand beaters. Each sportsman was followed by a cart to carry the game, and by his own attendants with guns and ammunition. On our assembling after the first beat, my cart contributed one hundred and twenty-five hares to the mass; which, when laid on the ground, amounted to a few more than eleven hundred. This, as long as it was a novelty, amused me, but I soon became disgusted with the slaughter. The beaters were not paid, but obliged to

attend, in consequence of the landlord's droit de "corvée." The revolution of '48 has, however, done away with this right. Exclusive of this day's sport, we killed upwards of five thousand head in wild forest shooting.

The circle I have mentioned is contrived in the following manner:—

The whole mass of keepers and beaters is collected in one spot. On opposite sides of this crowd stand two head keepers, whose business it is to superintend the operations.

On a given signal, each of these two starts an under keeper, who, having counted one hundred steps, drives a stick into the snow, and leaving it there proceeds: a beater is then sent to follow his footsteps, with instructions to keep as much as possible at the original distance in his rear. When this first beater has passed by the stick, another is despatched in like manner, and so on; every now and then a keeper accompanying the beaters, to keep them in order. After a given number of beaters have been thus sent forward, it becomes the turn of some sportsman's private jäger,

with his master's guns and extra loaders; then, again, a succession of beaters. No one is allowed to stop until the two keepers who took the lead have met on the opposite side of the circle, and blown their horns as a signal for every one to halt until further orders. Of course the size of the circle depends upon the number of people present; and, partly from habit, partly assisted by keeping their eyes upon the high pole, which is intended to be exactly in the centre of the circle when formed, they contrive to execute the manœuvre with great precision.

We sallied forth after breakfast in sledges, and, on our arrival at the place of rendezvous, found all these preparations completed. Some of the sledges taking to the right, and others to the left, they were driven round the outside of the circle at a gallop, depositing each sportsman at the spot where his own loaders awaited him; the coachmen having received their instructions to that effect from the head forester.

When every one had taken his proper place,

a bugle was sounded; and we all marched in towards the centre, as previously described.

On large estates the head forester is a very important personage. He has not only the management of the game department, but also that of most extensive forests; and must have passed the requisite examination at college.

In Bohemia, and indeed in other parts of Germany, foresters and keepers form a distinct corps of themselves, to which none are admitted without a diploma, proving them to be cognisant of all that concerns the preservation of game, and the cultivation of woods and forests. This is also the case with the private jägers of all Austrian and Bavarian gentlemen. They act as body servants when not out shooting, but would make life a burthen to any interloper wearing the uniform without any knowledge of his business, like the gold-laced chasseurs in Italy, who are only expected to carry a lady's shawl, or to assist the nurse in looking after the babies.

Prince T—— rarely inhabits the fine old castle at which we were staying, but resides

generally near our Pardubitz hunting quarters. At this last-mentioned place I often visited him; the sport was equally good, but calculated for a smaller party, and therefore all the pleasanter.

The stud is admirably well managed by a brother of a well-known Yorkshire jockey. Besides thoroughbreds, &c., the Prince has a splendid breed of grey coach horses, the least of which stands seventeen hands high; and they would fetch from two to three hundred a piece in the London market.

At a short distance from this resided Count H——, who, after a few days' roe shooting, offered me a day with my rifle at fallow buck, twelve of which I that day killed.

In the parks of England these deer are difficult to approach with a gun; but in the forests of Bohemia they are far wilder and larger. The venison is, however, very inferior to ours: this is not the case with regard to roe deer, which in Germany are infinitely superior in flavour to those killed in Scotland.

The surest way of getting a shot, is to drive

past a herd in some sort of cart, and, when within shot, the sportsman slides quietly down on the opposite side, and remains stationary. He coolly takes his aim whilst the herd is intently watching the cart, which must continue to move on; for should the driver stop, the deer are off in an instant.

I had a very kind friend, Prince A——, who lived near Pardubitz, and who offered me whatever shooting I could desire; but I will only give the following day's sport as a sample:

October 3rd (twelve guns). Partridges, 800; pheasants, 176; hares, 120; rabbits, 40.

At great "battues" it was of course impossible to know what amount of game fell to my own gun; but without reference to the above, on comparing in my game book the number killed by myself, and the days I was out in the course of three years, I found that the average amounted to fifty head per day.

Any person acquainted with Bohemian sports will be aware that this has not the appearance of exaggeration, even for a second or third rate

shot, amongst which latter I have the pretension to class myself.

At the close of the shooting season I went to Paris, for the remainder of the winter; and, after the spring races at Chantilly, repaired, as usual, to Baden Baden.

CHAP. VI.

A DAY AT CHANTILLY—DESCRIPTION OF A CHÂTEAU AND "CHASSE" IN THE BADEN OBERLAND — A GHOST — FIRST REVOLUTION IN THE DUCHY — DESTRUCTION OF GAME—FAMILY OBLIGED TO QUIT—DEATH OF GENERAL GAGERN — HIRE A SHOOTING BOX AND MANOR NEAR CARLSRUHE — TROUT FISHING — ANECDOTES OF INTELLIGENT SPORTING DOGS—CALLING ROEBUCK—DRIVE TO BADEN—GERMAN PARLIAMENT—SHOOT A WILD BOAR—WILD FOWL—DECOY FOR DUCKS—SECOND REVOLUTION IN THE DUCHY OF BADEN — FLIGHT OF GRAND DUKE — PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT — INSURGENTS — ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION — ARRIVAL OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY — BATTLE AT GERNSBACH — BURNING OF NIEDER-BÜHL—SIEGE OF RASTADT.

It has rarely been my fortune to enjoy any sport in France, although I have sometimes been present at the royal stag-hunts, in the days of the Duc d'Angoulême.

The Princes of the Orleans family used, of late years, to hunt the stag at Chantilly, at the period of the spring races. On one of these occasions I rode to the rendezvous, which presented a very gay scene. Around the carrefour were assembled numerous open carriages,

filled with the beau monde of Paris. Among these might be seen many gentlemen belonging to the royal hunt, of which they all wore the uniform, and who were not sorry to spend the intervening time in gay badinage with the fair occupants of these equipages.

In the centre were grouped the hounds, attended by the usual piqueurs and valets de chiens, &c.

On the arrival of the Duc de Nemours, we trotted off to a part of the forest where it had been ascertained that a stag would be forthcoming.

The hounds soon found, and then those concerned in the chase, winding their large French horns, denoted to the experienced ear every change and circumstance attending the sport.

The deer, on these occasions, is generally unwilling to leave the forest, but now, to my satisfaction, he broke covert, and, after taking us across some open country, was pulled down by the hounds on the borders of a small lake.

The Hallali having been sounded, it was announced that the "Curée" would be held that

night in the courtyard of the palace. It was now too late in the day to try for another stag; the whole party, therefore, returned to dine at Chantilly.

Later in the evening I repaired to the well-known hunting residence of the Condés, and there found all the ladies and gentlemen of the court seated before the palace in a large yard which was surrounded by an elevated entrance; and from this I was enabled, in company with many others, to view the proceedings.

In the centre of this courtyard I could distinguish the heavy antlers of the stag we had killed in the morning, while the riotous, baying pack were only kept off by the whips of the piqueurs, the men playing all the different fanfares in use during a chasse. The whole scene was brilliantly lighted up by innumerable torches.

After a certain time, upon a signal from (I believe) the Grand-veneur, the hounds were allowed to rush upon their victim; the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the company retired.

I afterwards heard, however (although I will not vouch for the truth of the assertion), that what I had supposed to be the stag, was merely the antlered head of the animal, together with the skin, which, being removed at the moment the hounds were allowed to make their attack, left the naked carcase of a sheep for their supper.

While sauntering upon this terrace with a cigar in my mouth, a gentleman came up, and asked me in French to give him a light: from his accent, I judged him to be German, and entered into conversation with him upon what we had just witnessed.

"In the country where I hunt the stag," said this gentleman, "it is far too mountainous to admit of matters being managed in the way we have seen them done this day, and we are obliged to shoot them with the rifle."

"Probably you mean in Germany," answered I. "Might I ask in what part?"

He replied that he had lately been shooting red-deer on a mountain called the Eyberg. This happened to be the part of the Black

Forest with which I was the most acquainted; and great was his surprise at my immediately taking up the conversation in German, informing him that I was convinced he could be no other than Count S——m, and repeating to him all the particulars of his following up and recovering a wounded deer, on the very last day he had been out in that country.

At the conclusion of the races on the last day of the Chantilly spring meeting, I was amused by witnessing the performance of a French gentleman, who undertook to walk twice round the course (a distance of two miles) with a bag of five franc pieces in each hand; each bag was to contain one thousand francs, and to be of the usual size employed by bankers for transmitting that sum, presenting, when tied up, but a very small neck by which he was to hold it. He was, moreover, bound neither to stop nor to rest the bags in any way, and not even to shift them from one hand to the other. He accomplished the feat, but suffered much afterwards in his hands and wrists.

With regard to the mode of hunting in

France, I should infinitely prefer the pursuit of the boar to that of the stag, as presenting more incidents, and being, in my opinion, far more exciting.

I remember on one occasion when, mounted myself on a fat old cob, and one of my sons on a very clever little Irish horse, the boar was brought to bay in a small coppice. At the urgent request of my son, the piqueur made over to him his "couteau de chasse," and held his horse, whilst he advanced to give the boar his "coup de grace."

Before, however, he could reach the spot, the sanglier again broke through the hounds and took the open. This was his last struggle, for we shortly perceived him once more at bay; but the whole field was brought to a nonplus by a wide and deep brook with high and rotten banks.

At this moment, I perceived my son, who had lost some time in remounting his horse, come sailing along with the naked "couteau de chasse" in his hand.

He charged the brook, his nag clearing it

cleverly; and thus had all the fun to himself.

The boar, by this time, had committed some havoc among the hounds; but my son, jumping from his horse, ran up and received him on his long hunting-knife, running him through the heart, in sight, although not within reach, of the rest of the party.

On quitting Chantilly, I proceeded to Baden with the intention of making that country my permanent residence.

The upper part of the valley of the Rhine, called the Baden Oberland, is divided from the lower part by a mountain well known as the Kaiser-Stühl.

This extends from the banks of that river to the mountains of the Black Forest, and is only separated from them by a narrow valley through which the traveller must pass when proceeding toward Switzerland, or when visiting the town of Freiburg, famous for the very beautiful spire of its cathedral, as also the adjacent "Höllen Thal," so often described by tourists.

In the course of my sporting rambles in

that neighbourhood, I was informed that at the foot of the "Kaiser-Stühl" stood an old "château," surrounded by a well preserved "chasse," which might be hired at a moderate rent; the proprietor, Baron B——, being desirous of resorting to the capital for the better education of a numerous family.

Mounting a forester's horse, I forewith rode over to take a look at the "château," which was situated upon the banks of a rapid stream falling into the Rhine at the distance of a mile from the house.

This stream I afterwards found to be well stocked with pike and perch, and a favourite resort for the swarms of wild ducks which, when the hard weather sets in, frequent that part of the country. From the upper windows I had a view of the Vosges and of the broad Rhine with its wooded islands; many of these are within the boundaries of the manor, and all are productive of excellent sport during the woodcock season, showing also a tolerable sprinkling of pheasants, roe, and hares, together with partridges, which re-

tire there in October when disturbed by peasants working in the plain.

The château itself resembled many I have seen on the opposite bank of the Rhine, in France; but the builder of this had apparently overlooked the necessity of establishing any communication between the upper and lower part of the house, to remedy which mistake a round tower had been added, with a spiral staircase up which I had to climb as the only means of reaching the habitable apartments.

The proprietor was not within; so, after casting a hasty glance over this somewhat dilapidated abode, I was about to remount my horse, when the Baron made his appearance, and, with one foot in the stirrup, I concluded an arrangement for renting the chasse and château for a term of nine years.

My original intention, when first taking possession, was only to fit up two or three rooms for myself, and for any friend who might be disposed to rough it during the shooting season. Subsequently, however, on finding

my family nowise averse to establish themselves in this remote spot, I set to work at repairing and furnishing the house as for a permanent residence.

But little did I know what was in store for me. Unconscious of the storm that was brewing, I naturally could not then foresee that, within two years from this period, the revolution of '48 would drive us from the place, not only scattering to the wind all my projects for the future, but also rendering perfectly useless the trouble and heavy expense to which I had subjected myself.

A great inducement to pitching my tent in that part of the country was, that I had reason not only to expect much amusement from the great variety of sport to be met with on my own manor, but also to feel certain that I should be invited to the numerous "battues" held in my neighbourhood. Such, indeed, proved to be the case, for no shooting party ever met within twenty miles of my house without an invitation to myself and my sons.

Moreover, large flocks of wild ducks arrive late in the autumn, taking up their abode during the day on some pool or backwater of the Rhine. They generally take care to alight between two flat islands, covered with shingles, where consequently there is no vegetation.

Here, from two to three thousand will assemble every morning, as long as they remain in the country, rendering it impossible for any one to approach within half a mile of them without being seen.

Towards evening they all take their departure to feed during the night in the neighbouring streams and rivers, where I have often concealed myself, and killed three or four at one shot.

At daybreak they all reassemble on the Rhine, where, buried in a hole, with a hurdle of brushwood over my head, I lay in wait. They come in small flocks, at intervals; and I have frequently done some execution on one batch, and reloaded my guns before the arrival of another.

My keeper waited at some distance below me, with a boat to pick up my game when my sport was over.

The most necessary precaution is that of being well concealed over head, as the ducks usually soar around a few times previously to settling down on the water.

Having, after wading through the snow, thus taken up my position one morning before daylight, I perceived indistinctly on the barren island opposite a ghost, which placed itself directly before me, the intervening water being about one hundred yards in breadth.

It was not yet light, when I heard the first flight of ducks flapping the air with their wings over my head, splash into the water in the direction of the ghost, who forthwith fired two shots at them.

"Oh! oh!" said I to myself, "I'll exorcise you presently."

I waited patiently for the arrival of another flight, when, taking a shot amongst the ducks with my right barrel, I gave the ghost the

benefit of my left one, well aware that at such a distance I could not materially injure him.

"Quack! quack!" went the wild fowl, and off scampered the phantom.

When my keeper came up later with the boat, we crossed over to the other island, where we found on the snow a large white sheet and a bran new light-coloured "wide awake."

Wild boar constantly swam the Rhine, but, after being shot at, those which escaped the bullet lost no time in recrossing into France, where they were strictly preserved by a society of sportsmen.

The first time that these gentlemen invited me over, I had the luck to shoot a very fine old boar. Having been invited again for that day fortnight, I proceeded with two acquaintances to the bank of the Rhine, where we perceived many large masses of ice floating down. To our great disappointment, we could not prevail upon any boatman to ferry us across the river. They did not so much fear the ice

on the surface as the blocks swept down by an under current.

We afterwards learnt that five boar had been killed and three others wounded by the party we were to have joined.

I had passed two winters in this manner, when, in the month of February, 1848, I drove over to shoot at a neighbour's, where I met a party of twenty guns.

We that day killed forty-five roebuck and five hundred hares; but on assembling afterwards at dinner in the town of Lahr, we received news of the revolution in Paris, and of Louis Philippe's escape.

As the occupations of many of our party brought them in constant contact with the lower classes, they were well aware of the extent to which the peasants had been worked upon by village schoolmasters and ale-house keepers, both acting as tools to a legion of discontented lawyers, who when later the dance began to flag, withdrew, leaving their dupes to pay the piper.

On hearing the news, these gentlemen imme-

diately stated their conviction, that within a fortnight the whole of the Oberland would be in a blaze; and so it proved. Singularly enough the first idea of freedom and independence on the part of the peasantry prompted them to meet in great numbers, armed with every sort of firelock they could lay hands on; when, instead of forming barricades against the government and its forces, they proceeded to hold "battues" for game in coverts where they had hitherto only assisted as beaters. Some loaded with ball, some with shot or old nails and pebbles, all firing away at any distance and in any direction, with one barrel wounding an old doe far gone in the family way, with the other shooting one of their friends through the legs.

On one chasse near Kehl, where I had often met with excellent sport, the peasantry managed to destroy twelve hundred head of roe-deer, as also three of their comrades; nor was it until the whole country had been thoroughly satiated with this sport, that Hecker and his confederates succeeded in establishing some

sort of discipline: when, arming the greater portion with scythes fastened upon poles, so that they were used as lances, he induced them to make a faint show of resistance to the Hessian troops which had been called into the Duchy of Baden.

I am now convinced that this apparently absurd way of commencing a revolution had been seriously calculated upon by the ring-leaders; and that when, mostly by means of free tickets for beer, the peasants had been once induced to commit these excesses, they were persuaded that, having set the laws at defiance, it would be too late to retreat, and that nothing was left for them but to join the insurgents.

Within a short time after the shooting party I have previously made mention of, my curiosity induced me to drive over with my sons to the neighbouring town, in order to obtain some intelligence as to the state of affairs in the Duchy. On returning home I found great confusion in my household, the men talking, and the maids crying or in fits; in short, the

only person who was perfectly calm and collected was my wife. From her I learnt that about two hundred men, headed by the principal innkeeper of the village, had presented themselves before the château, stating that they were aware I possessed some fourteen or fifteen guns, as also other arms, and demanding that these should be delivered up to them.

Mrs. S—— immediately ordered the massive door at the base of the tower to be locked and barred, and then, causing all my guns to be loaded, desired a servant (much against his inclination) to hold parley with them from an upper window. He was desired to inform them that their demands would most certainly not be complied with; that, moreover, they ought to be ashamed of themselves for making this cowardly attempt when perfectly aware that I was absent; adding, that I was expected every moment, and that they must know my disposition well enough to feel convinced that on my return violent measures would be resorted to. After some demur, and finding it impossible to obtain admittance,

they collected the few fowling-pieces they could lay hands on in the village, and sallied forth to beat my favourite preserve.

Whilst turning an attentive ear to the account of what had taken place, I perceived my keeper's approach, having taken a well-known poacher in "flagrante." They were immediately despatched by me to the neighbouring "Ober Amtmann," or chief magistrate. This hitherto omnipotent personage wrote me a very amicable, but unsatisfactory, note, in which he informed me that things were too far gone for him to enforce the laws; that he no longer had it in his power to repress or punish any offence; adding, moreover, that he had already sent his own family off to the capital.

This communication, combined with the outrage previously attempted, determined me to follow his example; and accordingly, at six o'clock the next morning, I placed my family in a train bound for Calsruhe.

Unwilling to abandon my worldly goods to the rabble, I remained another week, retaining,

as my garrison, the four keepers, an English groom, and a plucky old Swiss housekeeper, who occupied herself in packing up all that we judged possible to remove; and then, having succeeded through the connivance of the station master, I quitted the place for ever.

This first outbreak did not spread below Offenburg, the insurgents and their foreign auxiliaries deeming it prudent, in case of a reverse, to keep Switzerland open to themselves in the rear, as also Alsatia on their left flank. Here, in the Oberland, they awaited a general revolution throughout Germany, which they expected would be simultaneous.

Disavowed, however, by the German Parliament then assembled at Frankfort, and attacked by the Hessian and Baden troops, they were speedily routed, although lawyer Hecker—

> "Eine Feder auf dem Hut,
> Dürstend nach Tyrannen Blut,
> Grosse Stiefeln, Wassersohlen,
> Säbel trägt er und Pistolen," u.s.w. —

induced them to show some little resistance by

ordering them to fire at a very distinguished officer, "General Gagern," who received his death wound from a musket-ball when having ridden up to them, accompanied only by his aide-de-camp, he was offering reasonable terms, provided they would lay down their arms.

Having established my family in safety at Carlsruhe, I drove over to the lower extremity of the Black Forest.

On my arrival at Wildbad, the forester informed me that business had as yet prevented both himself and his under keepers from taking the usual steps for ascertaining on which part of the mountain the capercaile had taken up their April quarters.

It became evident that all hopes of sport must depend upon my own exertions; therefore, while hastily swallowing my dinner, I sent out for a man to carry a basket and my poncho. Having succeeded in obtaining the services of a mountaineer tolerably well acquainted with the business I had in hand, I set off, in hopes of arriving at the top of the mountain before sunset.

By dint of climbing, I succeeded in accomplishing my object, and then, sending my companion to listen in another part of the forest, I pointed out to him a stack of faggots as the place where I would meet him after dark.

Proceeding to what I knew to be a likely spot, I sat down at the foot of a tree to listen for the arrival of a capercaile. When the cock of the wood towards dusk has chosen the branch on which he means to roost, he will generally call a few times, but not so continually as in the morning, and seldom sufficiently often for the sportsman to approach him.

Here I sat, listening to the various notes of thousands of different birds, which are to be heard on a fine spring evening in these lonely forests, when suddenly I thought I heard the distant crow of an "auerhahn." Approaching stealthily in the direction, until within two hundred yards of what I ascertained to be a cock of the wood, I marked the spot with the intention of shooting him on the following morning. Anxious not to disturb him, I retired with the utmost caution. Whilst sauntering along a

green ride, at a considerable distance, however, from the tree I had marked, I heard a whirr over my head, and perceived one of those huge birds settling himself upon a branch within thirty yards of me.

Waiting motionless until he began to call, I seized a favourable moment, and knocked him over.

Night had now set in, and, throwing this trophy over my shoulder, I proceeded to the place of rendezvous I had selected.

From my experience of former nights passed in the forest, I was aware that the stack of faggots already mentioned would prove of great comfort to us.

After an attack upon the basket, which had been brought by the mountaineer, I wrapped myself in my poncho, and, each taking a faggot as a pillow, we laid ourselves down, to windward of a roaring bonfire, which the man who accompanied me undertook to keep alive by levying contributions from the stack.

About an hour before daybreak, my companion awoke me, and, having made the only

"toilette" possible, consisting in a good stretch, a pull at the kirsch flask, and a cigar, I proceeded to the spot I had marked over night.

Repeating the manœuvres I have already described in the first chapter, I aimed at the capercaile; but, either owing to the want of sufficient daylight, or to my awkwardness, the shot did not appear to have taken any other effect than that of giving him a hint to be off.

Consoling myself as well as I could with my success of the previous afternoon, I returned to breakfast at Wildbad, where, in giving an account of my operations, I naturally ascribed my morning failure to anything but the right cause.

Whilst we were descending the mountain, my companion told me that, according to my instructions, he had passed his morning in another direction, and that he was almost certain that he had heard an auerhahn crow two or three times at a distance.

This proved correct, for on the following morning I succeeded in bagging the bird. On

my return I enjoyed a bath, such as no other place can afford: it consists of a luxurious soft bed of clean sand, through which the water from a hot spring oozes up incessantly, and in the most refreshing manner. Owing to this constant supply the temperature of the bath does not vary.

The cock I had missed was, however, not to be forgotten; and, aware of the tenacity of these birds in frequenting the haunts they have once adopted, I again passed a night in the forest, and was rewarded for my perseverance, for he this time fell to my gun.

The season for taking the waters of Wildbad scarcely begins before the 1st of June. It is, therefore, not likely that any one of my sporting readers will wander in that direction so early in the year as the beginning of April. Were, however, such to be the case, and should he wish to try his hand at a cock of the wood, let him follow my advice and my example.

He should put up at the sign of the Black Bear—order a bottle of capital dry champagne—say a few civil words to the very charming

landlady — pat the children on their chubby cheeks — order a second bottle of champagne — call in mine host to assist him in finishing the same — and then use my name as having induced him to hope for a morning or two on the mountain in pursuit of capercaile.

This most obliging and intelligent landlord will forthwith send for Mr. Fischer, the forester. When once under this veteran sportsman's wing, it will be his own fault if, after some patience and a good deal of perspiration, he does not kill an auerhahn.

Having passed three days at Wildbad I returned to Carlsruhe, through the winding valley of the river Ens, and, after leaving a very picturesque town called Neuenbürg, which is almost encircled by the Ens, as Durham is by the Wear, I crossed the mountains to Ettlingen.

Here I had occasion to call at a pretty villa, situated on the side of a hill, with an extensive view of the Rhine and the opposite mountains of Rhenish Bavaria.

Enchanted with the position of this shooting

box, surrounded as it was by a small park of about forty acres, with a mountainous forest at the back of the house, extending to the Schwarzwald, a distance of some ten or twelve miles, I forthwith had recourse to all the soft solder I could muster, in order to obtain the proprietor's consent to my renting it of him. In this I certainly should not have succeeded had I not been backed up by a dozen Hessian troops, who arrived with a billet at the very moment.

From other sources I had been made aware that, however averse the owner might be to leave this spot, his better half was exceedingly desirous of returning to their native place (one of the Hanseatic towns). They were both remarkably pious and quiet people; and I never shall forget their horror and consternation at the unexpected prospect of having to lodge and feed, for an indefinite period, twelve boisterous young soldiers. Encouraged by their discomfiture, and striking the iron while hot, I gained my object by taking this,

to them, dreadful visitation upon my own shoulders.

Thus did I again venture to settle down for a term of years, hiring the right of shooting over a very large tract of country, which extended from Würtemberg to the Rhine.

Singularly enough, the fact of each parish being bound to let its own manor by auction for a term of three, six, or nine years, which was the very cause of my having been obliged to abandon my former "chasse," proved the means of my procuring this one.

This was in consequence of great concessions which the Government had found itself obliged to make; amongst others, that of doing away with all feudal rights. The lords of the manor retained the power of sporting upon their own property, but only where they possessed at least two hundred acres in a ring-fence. Any property under that size was thrown into the manor belonging to the parish.

I was given to understand that several parishes in the centre of my former manor had

entered into a compact not to allow any person, not an inhabitant of their own village, to obtain the shooting. Against this it was of course useless for me to contend. Whereas in the country more immediately in the neighbourhood of my new habitation, being peopled as it was by a far quieter set of inhabitants, I managed to obtain the shooting over seventeen different parishes, all within a ring-fence.

At the foot of the hill on which my house was placed, flowed a very rapid little river, called the Alb, and I seldom strolled down the stream on a summer's evening with one or other of my sons, that we did not succeed in landing from forty to fifty trout. Having established a large tank in the river, with an iron grating at each end, I kept a reserve of two or three hundred fish for the use of the house, taking care that every week the mud, brought down by the torrent, should be swept out, and proper food thrown in.

It may not be amiss if I take this opportunity to advise any brother angler visiting the

Duchy of Baden, chiefly to depend in his choice of flies upon the March brown, as being one which trout will take in those streams throughout the year, with sometimes a blue, dun, or red spinner, with gold twist; but late in the evening I have invariably caught the largest fish with a moderate-sized coachman.

In the summer months I also amused myself with my little "dachs-hunde" (badger-dogs). These are exceedingly affectionate, and very useful in a country like this, where no fox-hounds can ever be kept. They will creep into earths, and destroy foxes, badgers, and wild cats; of which last we shoot a few every season, when beating for game.

One of my chief favourites is an old liver-coloured one; and, were I not afraid of wearying my readers, I could recount many instances of her extraordinary intelligence, as also of that of her progeny. I remember once that after barking for a considerable time under ground she reappeared, with evident marks of some slaughter having taken place. Washing the sand out of her eyes, I tried to in-

duce her to re-enter the earth. She appeared, however, perfectly indifferent on the subject, looking up at me, as much as to say, what's the use? my sport is over! I then let loose her daughter, only six months old, who entered the earth five successive times, each time returning with a dead cub in her mouth, which she laid at my feet.

My old favourite was rather given to pass her nights in hunting upon her own account; but as her game was chiefly vermin, I should not have so much minded it had I not perceived that many of my other dogs were beginning to follow her example. To avoid this I was obliged to order her to be chained every night to a dog-box. She appeared to take this so much to heart, and looked so unhappy, that I desired the kennel keeper to turn the puppy, of which I have already made mention, loose; trusting that the company of her daughter would afford her some consolation.

In the middle of the night the keeper was awaked by the whining and scratching of a dog at his door. Annoyed at his rest being dis-

turbed, he arose and found the puppy, which he could neither succeed in driving away nor in enticing into his room. With a German oath he slammed the door in her face, and retired once more to his bed. Again the puppy recommenced her operations, and at last (I might almost say) persuaded the man to follow her down stairs into the yard, where he discovered the mother hanging by her chain to a nail in the wall, upon the top of which she probably had been attempting to climb. Lifting her in his arms, he unbuckled her collar, and she was saved when nearly at her last gasp.

The foresters in Germany are very ingenious in imitating the notes of many kinds of birds, from which they generally succeed in obtaining a reply. Thus holding a species of dialogue, they induce them to approach within shot, and soon transfer them to their game bag.

In this manner I have frequently shot geli nottes, which are not unlike ptarmigan. I have even known less ambitious sportsmen succeed,

after a lively exchange of repartee, in bagging a cuckoo!

This talent is not, however, limited to luring birds. The foresters are equally successful in calling roebuck. This can only be done in the month of July, at which period the old bucks carry splendid heads; hence, I always made a point of shooting several.

An experienced jäger plucking a leaf from the nearest bush, and holding it tightly to his lips, will make a sound exactly similar to the plaintive cry of a young doe: on hearing this, a buck will rush madly towards it, sometimes from a considerable distance. By standing perfectly motionless, and making the sound more indistinct on his approach, I have occasionally succeeded in bringing an eager buck within ten yards of me. However, they are often too wary to come so near, and as on the slightest motion they dart off at full speed, it requires a quick eye to shoot them with a rifle; the only weapon either I or my four sons ever used on these occasions.

The most likely hour is from ten to twelve

in the morning; when we used to take different directions, so as not to interfere with one another, each accompanied by a slot-hound; and seldom was it that we returned empty-handed.

Should, however, an old buck have been missed, or otherwise scared, he is not easily again taken in during that season; but keeping out of shot will trot round with his nose to the ground until he winds you, when, after uttering a few barks, he disappears. Indeed, whenever we were absent from home at that time, my keepers went their rounds, calling and scaring the bucks, in order to prevent them coming to the poacher's call.

From my place to Baden my four little blood mares could easily trot over in a couple of hours; and having imbibed in the good old coaching days of my youth a liking for this mode of travelling, I greatly preferred it to having recourse to the slow, but sure, German railroad. I say, *sure*, for every thing is so well arranged with respect to the Baden rail, that as yet no accident of any consequence

has taken place. It is a Government undertaking, and nothing can exceed the civility and regularity of their servants. The trains are entirely under the management of the post-office department, the directors of which, both at Carlsruhe and Baden, are well known for their civilities and attention.

To those who passed the latter part of the summer of '48 at Baden, revelling in all the luxuries and delightful "Dolce far niente" of that lovely valley, the commotion which had shaken Europe to its very foundation appeared as a dream of the past. Indeed, all that had taken place would have been almost buried in oblivion had it not been for the newspaper reports of the sittings of the German parliament at Frankfort, and the interminable speeches of its members.

Having occasion to visit this last-mentioned town, my curiosity led me to attend some of their sittings in the "Paul's kirche." Amongst all their theories of unity, fraternity, &c., one thing amused me above all, and that was the imperturbable "sangfroid" and "naïveté"

with which they spoke of the German fleet as a means of inspiring awe in all other countries.

Now this same German parliament possessed a number of flags painted black, red, and gold, but nothing else excepting an empty treasury; and their fleet consisted of two vessels. This fleet, however, they seemed to imagine would increase in numbers as quickly as rabbits in a warren; nor could they be persuaded but that the German people, most of whom had never witnessed anything nautical beyond an occasional timber raft floating down the Rhine, must forthwith become experienced seamen.

Convinced that the materials with which German unity had been cemented would not hold long together, I often could not refrain from expressing myself to that effect; but found that any doubts as to their stability, on my part, were seriously ascribed to the jealousy with which they fancied an Englishman must view their projects of future grandeur.

Nor was I sparing of most provoking re-

marks when, within two years from that time, my prophecy proved correct, owing to the quarrel of Austria with Prussia, and the momentary threatened collision between their respective troops.

In consideration of the great havoc made by the peasants amongst the game, all my friends who had taken manors came to an understanding that, with regard to shooting, moderation should be the order of the day, aware that in this fertile country, game, if properly preserved, would increase with surprising rapidity.

With me, however, things were more flourishing, partridges having escaped the general massacre, and wild fowl making their appearance in great quantities.

After the first fall of snow, I was sent for, at a moment's notice, to join a large party in pursuit of a wild boar, which, being now a great rarity in those parts, had caused some sensation in the sporting world by its presence.

We followed through the snow that which in Africa is called the *spoor* of the boar. The

word is the same in German, but differently spelt. After various failures he was at last tracked into a large covert of low and bushy fir trees, where it was thought likely he would remain.

Our party then retired to some distance, making an attack upon the luncheon, while the head-keeper walked round the wood. He soon rejoined us with the encouraging report that he had found no marks of the boar's having travelled further.

From this moment the strictest silence was observed, and not until each sportsman had been placed were the beaters allowed to approach the thicket.

I was posted at the edge of the wood, on the side of a deep gully, where the timber had been cut down. After remaining perfectly motionless for about ten minutes, the shouts of the beaters gave us to understand that the game was on foot, and soon I heard something come pounding along towards me. From the manner in which he brushed off the snow that weighed down the bushes through which he

passed, it was not difficult for me to judge nearly whereabouts the boar would break covert.

On his taking the open at a distance of about forty yards from me, I fired my right barrel, and hit him in the shoulder, causing him to stumble in a manner which, to the eye of an experienced sportsman, gave an undeniable proof that the ball had taken effect. As he rushed down the slope, my second ball broke his fore-arm, rolling him over like a hare into the ravine below.

Before running down to where he lay, I took care to reload my rifle, great caution being advisable when approaching a wounded boar, for unless he is turned over upon his side, with his legs stretched fairly out, he is not to be trusted, and, should he make a sudden effort, may still prove an ugly customer.

In this case, however, no doubt remained as to life being extinct; and, with a couple of blasts from a small horn, I soon collected the whole of our party around my victim.

As I have already mentioned, I was desirous

of sparing for one season my roe-deer and hares. I therefore generally resorted to the neighbourhood of the Rhine in search of wild fowl, and scarcely ever failed to meet with large flocks of wild geese feeding on the plain.

These are so much accustomed to see the peasants spreading manure during a frost, that they will allow them to approach within fifty or sixty yards; but a labourer holding a gun in his hand, instead of a whip or a pitchfork, or dressed in his holiday clothes, will frighten the birds away at a distance of five hundred yards.

That any man should be such a goose as not to know the difference between a pitchfork and a gun, would be extraordinary; but it certainly is curious that, in this case, a goose should be on a par with a man.

Large ozier baskets, made to fit into a waggon, are commonly used in this country; and I gained over a wily old fellow to keep one of these always clean, and at my disposal. I frequently ensconced myself in this, the peasant

riding on the shaft, singing and cracking his whip in the most unconcerned way.

By approaching the geese obliquely, until he thought we were within a proper distance, or until they began to stretch out their necks preparatory to taking wing, he generally contrived to give me an opportunity of firing both barrels, loaded with Eley's swan-shot cartridges.

During this winter I killed many wild ducks, of which great numbers are caught, as in England, by means of a decoy, more especially on a lake in the vicinity of Carlsruhe.

This piece of water, belonging to the Grand Duke, is situated in the centre of a wood, and is surrounded by a sort of screen made of twisted rushes or willows, sufficiently high to prevent the ducks from perceiving the keeper, or those whom he may allow silently to witness his proceedings.

The wild ducks seeing those which are kept always on the lake, are tempted to join them. It is well known that when these birds perceive

a fox prowling along the banks of the water, so far from taking flight, they will actually swim towards him, keeping, however, out of his reach.

The keeper has, therefore, a dog, very much the size and colour of a fox, which is trained to creep through holes in the screen. He then trots along the edge of the water, appearing and disappearing through the different holes, until he has enticed them to swim into a long passage, carefully netted over, and which tapers off into another narrow net at the further extremity. The keeper now suddenly shows himself, scaring the wild ones into the narrow gorge, where, by pulling a string, they are secured; the tame ones swimming quietly back into the lake.

The month of February is almost the only period in the course of the year when a gun is entirely laid aside. In March the woodcocks return, and in April I am off, with my sons, to the Black Forest, for capercailie.

Soon after my return from one of these excursions, I was one morning working in my

flower-garden, which commanded a view of the vale below, including the fortress of Rastadt and the town of Carlsruhe.

Whilst thus occupied, I remarked an unusual number of trains, and also express engines continually passing to and fro. I ordered my horse, and cantered off to the station, very curious to learn the cause of all this commotion.

Great was my surprise when informed that the Baden troops had revolted during the night, that some little fighting had taken place at Carlsruhe, and that the Grand Duke, with his family, had fled the country.

While I was talking to the station-master, there arrived a special train bound to Carlsruhe, and conveying Lawyer Brentano, with other chiefs of the revolutionary movement. Their agents had been very industrious in seducing the troops from their allegiance, the result of which these gentlemen had been awaiting at Offenburg. They chose this town for a place of rendezvous, as being the frontier of the Oberland, known as the most disaffected part of the Duchy; but I fancy their principal

reason was its proximity to France and Switzerland, which would afford them facility in effecting their escape, should they fail in the contemplated insurrection.

On their arrival in Carlsruhe, these heroes formed, out of their own ranks, a Provisional Government. After having appropriated the contents of the treasury, they forthwith proceeded to issue proclamations and *ukases* of every description. Every man capable of bearing arms was called to the muster, under penalty of being treated as a traitor to his country should he refuse.

Henceforward I attended the railway station, as I would a good theatre at which a series of amusing pantomimes were being produced. Now came interminable trains, bringing down drunken Oberlanders to keep our part of the country in order; all wearing the Hecker hat and feather, and the most variegated and absurd costumes; forcing every one they met to fraternise. The only way in which I can explain to the uninitiated the meaning of this last word is, that fraternisation is a compound of

curses against the past, and illusory projects for the future, well diluted in beer.

Then, again, these trains would return, bearing the inhabitants of the lower part of the Duchy to the Oberland, where they were to be drilled. These last, however, did not appear to have been sufficiently inoculated with devotion to the "*good cause.*" They showed but little enthusiasm, and looked more like conscripts, torn from the plough much against their will, than heroes resolved to die for their country.

My amusement at the whole farce received a considerable damper in the shape of a body of sixty of these "freischaaren" (free corps), as they were called, who presented themselves at my villa with a billet. Aware that, if once established in good quarters, I should find it difficult to get rid of them, I put it to them whether, instead of remaining in this retired spot, they would not prefer being lodged at my expense at an hotel in the neighbouring town.

To this, luckily for my somewhat irascible housekeeper, they willingly consented; and off

I galloped in advance, to make the necessary arrangements for their reception with my friend the landlord of the "Golden Stag."

Here I was informed that others were in the same predicament; but that the lion's share had fallen to me, owing to the spite of another innkeeper, whom I had never employed, but who, being now a member of the Provisional Government, had power to do as he pleased.

I then lost no time in sending my favourite guns over the frontier, to a friend in Würtemberg, where the revolutionists never quite got the upper hand; owing mainly to the conduct of the king, who during the wars of Napoleon had enjoyed a great reputation for firmness and unflinching bravery.

Well was it that I took this precaution, for not only then, but also later when the Prussians occupied the Duchy, I found myself subjected to continual razzias in search of arms. A plague on both their houses!

On losing all command over their troops,

the Baden officers found themselves obliged to seek safety in flight; and a company of infantry despatched from Rastadt in pursuit of some of them, happening to meet a railway train from Baden, called to the driver to reverse the engine, and this not being immediately complied with, they very coolly fired a volley into the carriages.

They then proceeded to Baden to look for the officers in question. A single lady nearly connected with my family, happening to occupy one of the first houses they came to on entering the town, was obliged to submit to see her dwelling thoroughly searched by these drunken ruffians.

On hearing this we were induced to join her at Baden; and as it was out of the question for any lady to travel in those riotous times by rail, I drove my family over with my four-in-hand; a proceeding which on my arrival called forth most energetic remonstrances on the part of my acquaintance.

They insisted on the danger of doing any

thing so aristocratic at a moment when democracy had the upper hand.

With this opinion, however, I could not coincide, nor would I make any change in my way of living; convinced, as I was, that an Englishman was more likely to be respected, when treating the whole business as if it in no wise concerned him.

The scum of all Europe had joined the Baden insurgents; and it became evident that either Austria or Prussia would eventually undertake to sweep them from the right bank of the Rhine.

I deemed it best to await coming events at Baden, with my family, and never remember to have been so much amused as during this short-lived effervescence. Instead of witnessing as in former seasons the usual afternoon flirtations on the promenade before the "Kursaal," or, earlier in the day, listening to some old Russian princess giving an account of her water drinking and its effects, we had a far more exciting occupation. On this promenade were now to be seen insurgent troops, march-

ing and drilling; each man accoutred according to his fancy or his means. Many of these "corps francs" took Baden in their way to the Hesse Darmstadt frontier, where Mieroslawski intended to make a stand against the Prussians, who at last began to show symptoms of advancing. One corps from the town of Lahr, consisting of about eight hundred men, I particularly remember seeing reviewed by their colonel, mounted on an old white post-horse. This person, however, permitting himself to use stronger language than was pleasing to them, and being a stranger sent to them from head quarters, was coolly desired to dismount, and to make himself scarce. (I can think of no better translation of the phrase they used.)

Having thus got rid of their leader, and after holding a short council of war, off they marched, with drums beating and colours flying. Instead, however, of taking the road towards the frontier, we were surprised to see them disappear over the "Fremersberg," in the opposite direction. I afterwards learnt

from their drum-major, who at a later period entered my service, that, as thing were taking a warlike turn, they had unanimously decided upon returning home to cultivate their chicory and tobacco, which form the principle articles of commerce at Lahr.

Anxious to know how matters stood at my shooting box, I proposed to some French gentlemen of my acquaintance, that they should accompany me thither with their fishing-rods; undertaking to provide them with an impromptu dinner, and trusting that the contents of my cellar, provided the insurgents had not been beforehand with me, would make up for any deficiency in the culinary department.

Whilst whipping the stream, we were surprised by seeing many fugitive "frey schaaren" and soldiers scampering down the hills. Even those who stopped to ask their way, were in such hurry and confusion, that we could hardly glean any thing intelligible as to what had taken place, although it was not difficult for us to guess pretty nearly the truth.

Falling in, however, with an exhausted artilleryman, I proposed his coming to my house for some refreshment. From this man we learnt that the insurgents had been attacked by the Prussian troops at a place called Waghaüsel, and completely put to the rout. Their retreat was cut off by another corps, which passing up by the left bank of the Rhine, through the Palatinate, had crossed the river in their rear; thus forcing them to take refuge in the mountains, with the intention of rallying under the walls of Rastadt. On my asking him for some account of what he himself had seen, he answered, "Prussians! on all sides Prussians! nothing but Prussians! turn which way I would, they seemed to appear from the infernal regions."

I have good authority for stating that by far the greater part of these poor deluded fellows had been led to believe that the Prussian troops were prepared to go over to them and fraternise, as soon as they met; and that thus they would have had their fun and their bragging without any risk. Woefully

were they deceived; and when the cannon balls began to play about, their surprise and consternation knew no bounds.

On our arrival that afternoon at the railway station, with the intention of returning to Baden, I found my friend the station master, who concealing with difficulty his feelings of satisfaction, whispered me, "The dance has begun; it's all up with the rascals!"

And good cause he had for hating them, for as the services of this clash of employés could not be dispensed with, they were forced to remain at their post, although treated with the greatest brutality, more especially my friend at whose house the Grand Duke had been obliged to pass the night during the previous winter, in consequence of a severe fall of snow.

His Royal Highness had naturally taken an opportunity of giving this person some proof that he had been pleased with his attention. This told against him in the eyes of the insurgents, and they lost no occasion of ill-treating him.

On the arrival of the train that was to convey us to Baden, we found it not only crammed full, but also the roofs of the carriages covered with fugitives. Skulking in the corners of a first class carriage, I perceived two of their leaders, who were known to me by sight.

The one, a colossal man, Metternich by name, with an immense scarf of the three colours of United Germany over his shoulder. The other a Baden innkeeper, who by the bye now carries on, in the same line of business, a very brisk trade in London. They had two valuable horses with them on the train, but at Rastadt it took them some time to persuade those who were in charge of the fortress that their intention in taking that direction was purely to bring down fresh reinforcements from the Oberland!!!

For a few days it became impossible to obtain any authentic information; of which it may well be supposed we were all very greedy.

The Prussians having occupied Carlsruhe, the insurgents took up their position on the

left bank of the Murg, which flows through Gernsbach, Kuppenheim, and Rastadt; so that my house, situated between the two armies, was cut off from all communication with the town of Baden. Anxious to obtain some intelligence, I one afternoon drove some ladies in my open carriage to the railway station at Oos, at which trains were constantly arriving from Rastadt. I had entered the building for a moment, and in the mean time a Polish commander, who was accompanied by his wife and a few men, and whom I had remarked as being armed to the teeth, chose to take a fancy to my equipage, as a convenient mode of escaping into Switzerland.

He proceeded to desire his men to cause the ladies to alight, inasmuch as he required the carriage for himself and wife.

Against this proceeding fortunately some Baden "bourgeois," who chanced to be present, strongly remonstrated. The dispute caused a crowd to collect around them; taking advantage of which I jumped upon the box, and starting my horses into a gallop, carried

off my carriage-full of ladies, before they had time to get to my horses' heads.

This was rather a narrow escape; and I could not but smile when thinking of the sorry figure we should have cut, had we been obliged to trudge back through the dust, leaving my new carriage and well-bred horses in the hands of these ragamuffins. The Prince of Prussia, with his army, kept to the plain, advancing towards the river Murg; whilst the corps under General Peucker, marching past my house and up the Alb, was to pass through Herrenalb, Gernsbach, and Baden, in order to take the insurgents in the rear.

The time necessary for executing this manœuvre had been somewhat miscalculated, partly owing to the mountainous country over which the artillery had to pass, partly to the spirited resistance they encountered at Gernsbach, from a detachment of insurgents under the command of a man named Lewis Blenker, who had previously served as a cavalry officer in Greece. He was one of the few who, during this revolution, had given any proofs of

capacity or bravery as a commander, and who, instead of turning every thing to his own advantage, had devoted his private resources to the furtherance of the cause he had espoused.

The Murg runs through the town of Gernsbach; and Blenker's corps defended the left bank of the river with so much obstinacy, that not until night had closed in, and the town was in flames, did General Peucker succeed in effecting a passage.

Blenker then retired over the mountains to Baden, where he assembled his followers on a square, before the open windows of a ground-floor room in which I was playing a rubber of whist with a few acquaintances.

We naturally joined the crowd, in order to see and hear what passed. My chief amusement was watching the change that came over the inhabitants of Baden, when they heard that the insurgents had been defeated, and that the neighbouring town was in flames.

Most of these "bourgeois" had hitherto been talking loudly about shedding the last drop of blood rather than allow the Prussians to invade

their "Vaterland." But now, when Blenker mentioned his intention of awaiting in this place the arrival of the enemy, and appealed to their patriotism to co-operate with him in this final struggle, their consternation knew no bounds, and they made every effort to induce him to leave the town with his followers.

At last, upon their promise of immediately expediting a dozen waggons with provisions, and perceiving that no dependence could be placed on their assistance, Blenker consented to proceed to Oos; and we returned to finish our rubber.

General Peucker's army was momentarily expected, but, strange to say, they did not make their appearance at Baden until noon of the following day, although the Prince of Prussia had forced the passage of the Murg at Kuppenheim, convinced that he had allowed sufficient time for the General to have cut off all retreat towards the Oberland. This delay enabled the commander-in-chief of the insurgent army, Mieroslawski, to escape in the direction of Strasburg, as also all those who

did not throw themselves into the fortress of Rastadt. It gave also to the Baden bourgeois time to shave off their beards and moustaches, and to do away with all the insignia of republicanism.

At seven o'clock on the morning after Blenker's passing through Baden, I rode along a valley, well known to many of my readers, but met with no one until I arrived at Oos, where I was informed by the peasants that during the night vast numbers had passed in their flight.

Little did I imagine, as I rode quietly back to Baden, that Blenker's corps was posted within a few yards of me, concealed on one side by the forest, and on the other by the vineyards.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, General Peucker made his appearance with a force of eighteen thousand men, composed of contingents from different German states. Half of these arrived by the old road from Gernsbach, the other having taken the new and beautiful road from Eberstein Schloss.

After a couple of hours' halt at the outskirts of the town, these troops defiled along the road to Oos, which village is situated at the point where the valley from Baden joins that of the Rhine.

Accompanied by two of my sons, I hastened to a rising ground, from which we might be enabled to view them as they wound along the road. Suddenly we saw the smoke and heard the report of cannon below us, and immediately afterwards perceived the Nassau troops (easily recognised by their yellow facings and accoutrements) retreat in great confusion, leaving their cannon in the hands of the insurgents.

This was, however, soon remedied by the army spreading out across the valley, and, after some skirmishing and bloodshed, sweeping it to beyond Oos. As we could no longer see what was going on, we returned to dine at the table-d'hôte of the Hotel d'Angleterre, belonging to that most civil, obliging, and worthy host, Mr. Stadelhofer. Towards the end of dinner an officer swaggered in, but he could only manage to swallow a glass of beer, a cir-

cumstance of which we were afterwards told having, I suppose, taken away his appetite. It is said that, after the skirmish, a prisoner was brought before him, who declared himself to be the well-known editor of a radical newspaper. The Major is reported to have drawn a pistol from his holsters, and to have shot the man dead!!! He was, however, more humane towards his own horses, for he caused mine to be turned into the street, to make room for them. There, indeed, they must have remained, had I not been allowed by the Grand Duchess Stéphanie's steward to turn one of her Royal Highness's green-houses into a stable.

Within a few days the whole of the Duchy was cleared of the freyschaaren, with the exception of Rastadt, which refused to surrender, and which was consequently besieged in due form by the Prussian army. The Prince of Prussia took up his head-quarters at the château called the "Favourite," near Kuppenheim, and by that road I was now enabled to drive my team back to my country-house with my family, taking a road, however, which kept

us just out of reach of the shells constantly thrown from the fortress.

During this siege the roar of cannon had become so familiar to our ears, that it ceased to attract our attention.

One night, at about the hour of ten, we perceived a great conflagration, and supposing it to proceed from Rastadt, I ordered a carriage, and, with my wife and sons, drove out in that direction.

We met several waggons filled with wounded men; and, on approaching the Prussian lines, were informed that the garrison of Rastadt, profiting by the darkness of the night, had made a sally, and, having set fire to a small town called Niederbühl, had made a spirited attack upon the besieging army.

It was only after considerable loss on both sides that the insurgents were repulsed and forced to rêtire within the fortress.

As we proceeded, we began to distinguish by the light of bivouacs masses of troops on each side of the road.

Our progress was, however, soon arrested

by a body of cavalry. An officer riding rapidly up, showed considerable surprise on perceiving me, in a shooting jacket and wide-awake hat, driving a pair of hot tearing thorough-breds, with a lady sitting quietly in the carriage. On my informing him that we were English, and that we had no other object than that of seeing the fun, he seemed to make some allowance for that inveterate habit of poking their noses into matters which nowise concern them, so generally ascribed to our countrymen on the Continent.

I succeeded in being permitted to take a cross road leading to the hills, whence we obtained a view of the burning town, the bright glare of which extended many miles.

The subsequent surrender of Rastadt, and the numerous military executions which ensued, have become matters of history. Martial law was proclaimed. No person was allowed to retain in his possession, much less to carry, arms, without a special permit from head-quarters. This measure being strictly enforced, proved a source of great comfort to my game-keepers,

and of annoyance to the poachers; five of whom were taken by my people in the course of the first week, and handed over to the Prussian authorities.

The surrender of Rastadt put an end to the constant state of excitement in which even foreigners, like myself, had been living for months.

We felt a reaction; everything for a time appearing monotonous. The Prussian army was scattered over the Duchy, and the "quid-nunc's" occupation gone.

A few strangers, however, finding that all was quiet, began to show themselves; and although they were few and far between, I do not remember to have passed a pleasanter season at Baden. In addition to the daily visits of many outlying officers, we had a splendid regiment of red Hussars quartered in the town. These appeared to have been chosen as a sample, for not only did the men observe the strictest discipline, but the officers, one and all, were the most agreeable and gentlemanly it has ever been my lot to encounter.

I shall always remember with pleasurable feelings the friendly terms on which we lived.

The commencement of the shooting season enabled me to offer some amusement to such of these gentlemen as were addicted to sporting, the railroad affording them the facility of arriving at my "rendezvous de chasse" within an hour after leaving Baden.

The moment came, however, when a war was on the point of breaking out between Austria and Prussia; and it became imperative on the Prussians to evacuate the Duchy, in order to avoid the risk of being cut off from their own country.

On their departure, an Austrian garrison occupied the fortress of Rastadt.

CHAP. VII.

JOURNEY FROM BADEN TO WARSAW AND MOSCOW — LIFE IN THE COUNTRY IN RUSSIA — COURSING AND SNIPE SHOOTING — ST. PETERSBURG — ON TRAVELLING DAY AND NIGHT — HAMBURG — STAG SHOOTING IN DENMARK — FLOATING ICE ON THE ELB AND ON THE PO — OVERFLOWING OF THE DANUBE AT VIENNA.

AMONG a crowd of visitors of all nations passing the season at Baden, was a Prince D——, with whose family we were on a very intimate footing.

On meeting one evening at dinner, he announced to me that important business would force him to start immediately for his estate, situated some distance beyond Moscow. He urgently pressed me to accompany him in his comfortable "dormeuse," promising to return with me to Baden before the end of the season.

I readily assented to the proposal, with the understanding that we were to take Petersburg on our road home.

Accordingly, within the four-and-twenty hours we were on our way towards Nürem-

berg, thence to Carlsbad, where we met so many acquaintances that we were induced to pass the day, proceeding, however, on our journey the same evening, and passing through Töplitz and Dresden.

On changing horses at night time in Liegnitz, the postillion drove off without our servant; and not till we were aroused by a demand for money at the end of the stage, did we discover that the rumble was tenantless.

Fearing that he had fallen off, we despatched a man on horseback to look for him; it turned out to be a false alarm, for he overtook us at Bautzen, where we stopped to breakfast.

From this town to Kalisch, on the frontiers of Poland, the roads are so deep with sand, that, although the country is flat, and we had six horses to our carriage, it took us twenty-four hours to do the last ninety miles.

Kalisch, during the great reviews held there by the Emperor of Russia, had presented a very different appearance. At that time every precaution had been taken to make it agree-

able to the host of foreigners who attended the manœuvres.

Alas! on our arrival we found that the place had relapsed into its former state of filth and destitution, swarming with Jews in their greasy costumes.

I will not say the dinner was bad, for we could get none; nor could we, for a long time, obtain horses to proceed with.

When once in Poland we found the high road to Warsaw remarkably good, and were well driven. On approaching this capital we perceived a small church which had been sadly battered by cannon during the revolution, and the houses in the suburbs were covered with bullet marks.

In northern countries, at least in the Russian dominions, it is customary for those who wish to travel with any comfort to carry with them all that they may require, such as sheets, pillows, &c.

We were totally unprovided, and on our arrival at the "Hotel de Cracovie," at Warsaw, where we stopped to sleep for the first time

since our departure from Baden, we were introduced into a large room with little else than the bare walls, excepting two bedsteads, one shallow earthenware basin, and a black bottle of fresh water.

Our active travelling servant, however, soon managed to remedy the deficiencies; but my companion passed a sleepless night, from the attacks of myriads of nameless animals, none of which ever approach me; indeed, the impunity with which I was favoured seemed rather to increase the ire of my friend.

On the morrow we were present at a review of Circassian and Cossack troops, which took place near Praga, a suburb on the opposite bank of the Vistula.

The Circassian horsemen surpass in splendour all that I have ever seen; their helmets, coats of mail, arms, &c., are ornamented most handsomely, and they are mounted on beautiful Arabians.

The Cossacks, lately arrived from the borders of the Don, were reviewed by their chief Hetman, who happened to be at Warsaw on a

tour of inspection. He had risen from the ranks in consequence of having made General Vandamme his prisoner at the battle of Culm.

A sham fight was represented, and curious it was to see the activity of these men when flying from an attack. As they retreat they turn in their saddles to shoot at their pursuers, on receiving whose fire they allow their heads and arms to trail along the ground as if dead. Clinging by one heel to the saddle, and their horses still galloping, they, with one jerk, recover their seats, and stooping along their little shaggy ewe-necked steeds, quickly reload their guns. Having accomplished this they wheel about, and in their turn charge the enemy.

No Cossack horse knows what it is to have a curb-bit in his mouth; the saddle I can only compare to a thick leather cushion, with a strap across the centre, compressing it so as to form a groove, which precludes all possibility of bending the knee forwards, as we are accustomed to do when adopting a hunting seat; indeed, I found it very difficult to avoid falling on the neck of the horse.

On our return to Warsaw we were invited by the Hetman to meet the Circassian and Cossack officers at dinner. Here my knowledge of French, German, and Italian proved of no avail; and at table, being accidentally separated from my travelling companion, all conversation, on my part, became out of the question.

This, however, gave me a better opportunity of observing what to me was so new and so interesting, the fine manly figures and rich costume of the Circassians more especially attracting my attention.

After dinner, pipes and a bank of faro were introduced. An immense empty bowl was placed on the dinner table, into which were poured indiscriminately all kinds of champagne, mousseux, crêmant, sillery sec, œil de perdrix, were all jumbled together; and into this bubbling ocean did the guests continue to plunge their tumblers.

Having thrown a few ducats on the table, which were soon swallowed up by the bank, I withdrew, in nowise tempted to quaff the con-

tents of the bowl, or to make a night of it, as contemplated by the rest of the party.

There are some fine palaces at Warsaw, and a pretty drive in the Lazenki gardens, but to a stranger merely passing through it appears a dull town. The higher classes, writhing under the Russian yoke, are seldom seen; and nothing but Jews and Russian soldiers were to be met with in the streets.

From Warsaw we crossed the Beresina at Borisoff, about ten miles below the place where the French army passed on the retreat from Moscow.

Once in "Russie blanche," we never had less than seven horses to our carriage; a coachman, sitting on the front boot, drove four abreast, while a postillion rode the centre horse of the three leaders, both men dressed in long blue dressing-gowns, with a sash around their waists.

Where there was deep sand, the number of horses was increased. I remember one night seeing as many as eleven attached to the carriage, and, what with the jolting, and the un-

earthly screams of the drivers, it was scarcely possible to sleep. The nights, as we advanced, grew shorter, and towards the end of our journey we could see to read during twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four.

We had a good supply of books, as also a card-table, which drew out from the front boot, and which enabled us to play piquet or double dummy whist.

After passing through Minsk we crossed the Dnieper at Orza, and arrived at Smolensko, a pretty straggling place, with numerous green and gold cupolas.

On leaving Warsaw we had laid in a stock of cooked meat, but owing to the heat of the weather it spoilt, and became totally unfit for use. As we were anxious to get forward, and as we nowhere found meat ready for cooking, we, for two or three days, were obliged to content ourselves with hard-boiled eggs and tea.

At every post-house there is to be found a kettle of water always boiling, called a somowar, and very good tea, but seldom milk or sugar. The tea is served in tumblers.

This is a beverage which I seldom touch, but on this journey I got into the habit of drinking many glasses full in the course of the twenty-four hours, and found it very refreshing, travelling, as we did, day and night.

On our arrival at Moscow, we forthwith indulged in that most delightful luxury, a Russian bath. This consists in lying on a wooden couch, in a room continually supplied with hot vapour, and every now and then, when it becomes too oppressive, placing yourself under a cold shower bath.

After the bath, we reposed on couches for an hour, smoking long Turkish pipes, and then arose perfectly refreshed, although, with the exception of thirty-six hours passed at Warsaw, we had not been in bed since leaving Baden.

Impatient readers need not dread a minute description of Moscow, nor indeed of any other place. My journey was too rapid, and my stay too short, to find time for anything but pleasure; therefore, if they wish to know the number of inhabitants, &c. &c., I must refer them

to authors who have devoted themselves to such matters.

Nor do I intend to follow Monsieur de Custine's example, in turning into ridicule those who showed me every possible civility.

This much I will say, that in no town did I ever experience greater kindness and hospitality: when introduced at the "Club Anglais," every member present made my acquaintance; and each vied with the other in striking out some line of amusement for me.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to carry me off to the Kremlin, where I saw a greater quantity of splendid things than I can possibly remember, much less describe.

I can, however, recollect having seen the big bell, a magnificent new palace, and more especially the view over the green and red roofs of the one-storied houses of Moscow; with hundreds of churches, and their oriental looking spires.

I remember also seeing a full length picture of the Emperor Alexander, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. At his feet are the keys and con-

stitution of Poland; on the right hand are the flags given to the Poles by the Emperor, on the left are those taken during the revolution; opposite is the arm-chair in which Charles the Twelfth was carried at Pultawa.

I also saw innumerable thrones, crowns, arm-chairs, Turkish and Persian saddles, scymitars, &c., all studded with turquoises and precious stones of incalculable value.

But now came the hour of five, and I was hurried off to the club, where an enormous dinner was prepared, with a deluge of claret and champagne. Both wines were of a quality seldom equalled, even in the best cellars of Paris; indeed, it is well known, that the best French wines are exported to Russia; the "veuve Clicquot" being an especial favourite.

They have, however, an unfortunate practice of putting the price (generally about fifteen francs per bottle) upon the label, which makes one imagine one is swallowing the Amphitryon's roubles.

I was told, that at a great dinner given to Lord Durham, by the governor of Moscow,

the health of the King of England having been drank, his Lordship returned thanks; but instead of proposing on his own part that of the Emperor, he drank to the prosperity of the Russian *nation* and harmony of the *two peoples!*

This speech placed the company in considerable embarrassment, and caused a dead silence; for although they had been enjoined to show his Lordship every possible attention, great doubts arose as to how these last words would be received at head quarters.

I found an indifferent French company of actors, at a pretty little theatre in the gardens of Petrowsky; these are, during summer, the fashionable resort of the inhabitants of Moscow, who generally congregate around a café to eat ices and listen to the plaintive songs of gipsy girls.

The riding school, which is also used in winter for drilling troops, is two hundred and twenty yards in length, by sixty in breadth.

In the imperial stud I found some old ac-

quaintances in the way of thorough-bred horses, such as Birmingham, the Alderman, General Chassé, Vision, Miss Laura, and Laurel Leaf.

I also attended some trotting matches. The course is divided into three separate oval arenas, like three eggs placed side by side; each being one werste in circumference.

The winning posts are in a line, and at each post stands a "trotteur" harnessed to a light drosky, awaiting the signal for the start.

They generally have to perform a distance of three werstes; and I heard from good authority, that the best trotting performance in Russia has been two werstes and four-fifths in five minutes forty-five seconds. Five English miles are a fraction over seven werstes.

By means of the three separate courses, all danger of a collision between the droskies is avoided; and the judge having all the winning posts in a line, is enabled to decide with accuracy.

The Orloff breed of horses is of great repute;

the fastest trotters are bred from Dutch mares, but have far too much action to last for any distance.

After remaining a few days at Moscow, we proceeded to a country house belonging to my travelling companion; and were accompanied by three or four of his friends; a French cook having been sent in advance.

We passed the first night of our journey at the house of his sister; on the following day we stopped to see the convent of Troiz, dedicated to St. Serge, whose body is placed in a coffin of massive silver. The exterior of the roof of the church is completely covered with a smooth sheet of gold; and the value of the jewels, chiefly pearls, which were shown me in the convent, is perfectly marvellous.

At the time of the occupation of Moscow, some of the French troops were within a very few miles of this place; but, probably unaware of the prodigious booty within their power, allowed the convent to remain unmolested.

Leaving this we had to encounter some

dreadful roads, if roads they can be called. Here there is no question of M'Adam or gravel; they are only distinguished from the adjoining fields by two small ditches, from eighty to a hundred yards apart. Zig-zag tracks are formed by each driver who passes, picking his way between these boundaries, as best he can; every now and then the wheel sinking up to the axle in a hole.

In marshy ground, the road is composed of what on a railroad are called sleepers, with the round side uppermost, like the famed corduroy roads in America. Travel over all this at a gallop, as we did, "et vous m'en donnerez des nouvelles!"

At last we arrived at our destination. The name of my friend's "château" is Chemetowo. It is entirely built of wood; but the interior is luxuriously furnished; each office and each visitor's apartment form separate wooden buildings of various designs; the kitchen, for instance, is built like a Swiss châlet, the house itself having the appearance of a Chinese pagoda.

We were a merry party, and the Prince did his best to keep us up to the mark, by devising all sorts of amusements and good cheer.

One day he had occasion to make a call in a village a few miles distant, and I accompanied him in his drosky. He drove three horses abreast; a very fast Orloff trotter in the shafts, with two outriggers denominated "furieux"—the near side horse galloping with his right leg foremost, and his head inclining to the left; the off side one in the contrary manner.

On my friend entering the house at which we stopped, he placed a bunch of reins in my hand; and although I have had considerable experience as a whip, I was somewhat puzzled how to arrange these numerous ribbons in my hand.

Having, as I thought, accomplished this, I started the nags. As long as I was in the village, they went very quietly; but when I began to think I understood all about it, and, becoming ambitious, urged them to go ahead, off they started at score; the more I pulled

the faster they went, soon reaching the open plain. Well, thought I, Russia is large, and there's plenty of room.

When at some distance from the village, I managed to make them describe a circle; and sitting astride the centre bench of the drosky, I kept my seat as in a saddle, the carriage clearing various little water-courses and such trifling obstacles.

Finally I got their heads turned towards the village, and perceiving my friend, drove close by him; when, upon his using some Russian expression to the horses, they stopped short.

After waiting till he had had his laugh out, I asked him to explain why I could not succeed in stopping them.

He then showed me that, with fiery horses, it is necessary to hold half the bunch of reins in one hand, half in the other; but that he had observed me pulling with all my might, and my hands quite apart, whereas, had I in pulling kept both fists together, I should easily have stopped them.

As is often the case, all this, when once told

me, appeared very simple; and profiting by the advice on the next occasion, I soon learnt to be my own coachman. More, however, is to be done with these horses by the voice, than by any other means.

In northern countries, a snaffle is generally the only bit used; a custom now adopted by the drivers of safety cabs in London.

On the following day the Prince proposed some coursing. Accordingly the whole party started after breakfast in droskies, tearing across a wide plain, over ruts and small ditches, which are treated with contempt by Russian peasants when acting as coachmen. Indeed the carriages are so low and so strong that the chief danger is that a jolt may cause you to bite your own tongue off. Arriving at the rendezvous, we found a pack of heavy slow hounds, several brace of greyhounds in leashes, and our saddle horses.

I was requested to mount a roguish-looking dun-coloured cossack, with a mere watering bridle in his mouth—a cossack saddle—and showing a deal of white in his rolling eyes.

The moment he was pointed out to me, as the one I was destined to ride, I felt convinced that my friends expected some fun at my expense.

When mounted, each sportsman received a leather leash, attached to a brace of long-haired greyhounds, with tails like those of setters, and was posted at a corner of a gorse cover in watch for the hares that the pack of hounds might drive forth.

Out came a white hare with a grey back; I let slip the dogs, and stuck spurs into my horse. I must suppose he had never seen an Englishman before, for he persisted in looking back at me, instead of at the ground he galloped over.

The dogs caught the hare, my cossack caught all three, and rolling them over, proceeded homewards at the top of his speed. Luckily he took me through some deep ground, in which I kept him going in a circle, until, what with English spurs and a Russian knout, I succeeded in convincing him that I was his master; and brought him back to the cover

side, without a leg to stand on. My friends then acknowledged that it was the first time that the washy wall-eyed brute had been prevented from returning home at his own pleasure.

Occasionally I strolled out with my gun into some adjoining marshes, where I shot many double snipes. These are reckoned a very great delicacy; they are as large as woodcocks, but frequent the same haunts as the common snipe and fly in the same way. I approached them in the same way I would a snipe, that is to say, down wind, which any sportsman knows to be the easiest way of shooting them, because the snipe invariably flies up wind and thus passes you; whereas, if you walk up wind, the bird skims off ahead, and that with such rapidity that it becomes difficult to bag him.

The hares are mostly grey in summer, and only change to white as the winter approaches; not but what I saw some white in August.

Coursing hares in the month of August will appear unsportsmanlike, but my friend had

not been near his estate for three or four years, and was about to leave it for as many more, therefore it did not so much signify.

I chanced to witness the punishment of a serf for theft. It consisted in a flogging, on the bare shoulders, with long birch switches; and, although certainly I would rather be excused from undergoing the same, yet it presented none of the horrors of the knout, of which we have read so much. Whatever may have formerly been the case, the Russian master who now inflicts any severer punishment than the one I have described, without referring to the civil authorities, would, if it were known, be severely punished himself by fine or loss of feudal rights.

No doubt, on estates far remote from any town, a tyrannical landlord enjoys more or less impunity, owing to the difficulty the peasant may experience in making known his ill usage to the authorities.

The landlord is obliged to provide for the sustenance of those who are born on his estate;

so much so, that all those peasants who are of no avail in tilling the land will not accept the freedom, which, in such cases, the landlord would be but too happy to grant.

Whilst speaking of the Russian peasant, I must here remark, how much I was struck, when travelling through the country, by the very marked difference in the features and stature of the various tribes.

In some parts the men are ugly, snub-nosed, short, and clumsy, with the appearance of idiots: in others it is the very reverse; you may see villages where almost every man you meet is at least six feet high, and built in proportion; their long beards and moustaches setting off manly and intelligent features.

As to the peasant women, one and all, let them be swept from the face of the earth; they have nothing to recommend them, look at them in what point of view you will.

Should you see a good looking woman of the lower class, you may depend upon it she has been imported from Courland or Livonia.

This does not in any manner apply to the higher classes, who are graceful, and whose manners are exceedingly attractive.

The people adhere with great tenacity to ancient usages, and even many of the richest merchants will not give up wearing their costume or their beards; this last being an appendage which no "employé" or government dependant dares to cultivate lower than the ear. Should a revolution ever break out in that country, the want of a beard may prove an awkward distinction.

A friend of Prince D—— called at Cémétowò on his road from Moscow to his own house, in the district or, as it is there called, the government of Vladimir.

On the following day, we accompanied this gentleman to his château, a distance of fifty miles, returning to Cémétowò after dinner.

Aware of my wish to see as much as possible during my short stay in the country, the whole party agreed to undertake this expedition; the principal inducement to me was the op-

portunity it afforded of inspecting a very fine stud.

The roads were too bad to admit of our using carriages upon springs, and we teated ourselves in small waggons called selegas, holding two people; and regular bone-setters they are, especially when going at the awful pace we did.

We arrived at the château, which is built of red brick, this being considered a rarity in that part of the country: and before dinner I was taken over the stud, drove a very fast trotter, and rode two or three of our host's horses.

These seem to be very plentiful in Russia, and some exceedingly handsome; but the general fault of the larger sort is that of being too leggy.

There were several friends and relations staying at the château. When assembled round a large oval dinner table, the ladies sat together on one side and the gentlemen on the other; whether this is a provincialism, or whether it was merely the custom of the house

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at which I was dining, I am unable to judge. From all I heard and saw, however, I fancy that the inhabitants of the provinces differ as much from those of Moscow as these last differ from the acquired refinement of St. Petersburg.

Within a few days after this expedition we all returned to Moscow.

Fires are of frequent occurrence in this country, owing to the predominance of wood in the construction of houses; although in large towns they are seldom attended with disastrous consequences, thanks to the very efficient organisation of the firemen and their engines. These form a small army of themselves, and are kept on a military footing.

I was present at a review of this corps, and could not but admire their appearance; as also the beauty and condition of their horses, four of which are attached to each engine.

The method adopted for procuring a sufficient supply of good horses is rather ingenious.

Whenever any person is driven over or knocked down by a passing carriage, the horses are instantly taken out by the police, and confiscated for the benefit of the fire brigade, and cannot be redeemed, however powerful the influence and position of the owner. As the higher classes always drive at a furious rate, and rarely with less than three or four capital horses harnessed to their carriage, the supply is not only abundant, but of the first quality.

On leaving Baden I had been requested to purchase some furs and caravan tea, and for this purpose I was advised to repair to the Moscow bazaar, where I not only found the best of every thing that I might wish to buy, but was also interested beyond measure by the costumes and appearance of the merchants.

In one open shop, sat a Chinese—in another a Tartar—here an Armenian—there a Turk, or a Persian; in short, a specimen of almost every nation under the sun was to be seen, each in his national costume. These are, however, to be found in greater numbers at the

fair of Nijny, which is the great rendezvous for Eastern traffic.

On leaving Moscow in the afternoon, we took the road to Petersburg, a journey of three days and nights.

The road itself is a perfect specimen of M'Adam, and is of unrivalled smoothness and width.

On the following day we dined at Tarjok, famous for cutlets and for slippers of embroidered leather. We were driven at a tremendous pace, but having omitted to send on an "avant courier," were detained in the most tedious manner at every relais.

After entering Petersburg by a handsome bronze gate, recently erected, we drove down the principal street, called the "Perspective," but were stopped midway, and desired to draw up on one side to make way for the whole military force, then quartered in the capital, with the Grand Duke Michael at their head.

They were attending the funeral of General Bistrom; and I thus had a good opportunity

of viewing the Russian troops; the regiment of chevaliers-gardes chiefly attracting my attention.

Although this was my first visit to St. Petersburg, I found myself "en pays de connoissance," for there was scarcely a person of any note with whom I had not been previously acquainted from having met them in Italy or other parts of the Continent.

Petersburg has been too often described to admit of my attempting to make any other remark than my surprise at the contrast between that capital and Moscow; both large towns in the same country, and yet so different.

The first has some likeness to Berlin, only on a far larger scale; while Moscow is totally dissimilar from any town I have ever seen.

From Petersburg we arrived at Baden in eleven days and nights, passing through Riga, Mietau, Tilsit, Königsberg, and Berlin.

In these days of railroads it is seldom that one has occasion to travel for so many consecutive days and nights; but previously, no

man posting on the Continent, and in the enjoyment of good health, ever thought of stopping to sleep when proceeding from one capital to another.

A very few years since it took a courier eight days and nights to go from Vienna to London, a journey which I have several times performed when entrusted with despatches.

On one occasion, I remember, after shooting in the neighbourhood of Presburg in the morning, to have been sent off the same night with despatches from Vienna to London.

I changed carriages at every post-house, and mostly found myself obliged to put up with a Styrian cart without springs; and, although knocked about the Channel between Calais and Dover for twelve hours at night, in a small open fishing-boat, I drove up to the Foreign Office within seven days and a half, and, proceeding that night by mail into Wiltshire, arrived in time for a day's pheasant shooting, without having been in bed since my day's shooting on the frontiers of Hungary.

Two months after my return from Russia

I had occasion to visit Hamburg, passing through Goettingen and Hanover, and crossing that most dreary moor called the "Luneburger Heide."

Taking Hamburg as my head quarters, I made frequent excursions into Holstein for red-deer, and was amply rewarded for my trouble by the sport I met with. In the "Sachsen Wald," a forest belonging to the crown of Denmark, I found large herds of red deer, and one which I then killed was certainly the finest that had ever fallen to my rifle.

The winter had been very severe, and consequently, when the moment of the "débâcle," or breaking up of the ice, arrived, the scene on the Elbe was terrific. Large merchantmen were, by the pressure of huge blocks of ice, lifted out of the water, and thrown on shore; besides which, great damage ensued in the lower part of the town.

Owing to this, it became impossible to cross in the direction of Hanover, and I posted some way up the river, on the road towards Berlin.

At last I arrived at a ferry, where a passage was thought practicable, and even here had a narrow escape of losing my carriage. I was ferried across in a small punt; the boatmen, being armed with sharp pointed boat-hooks, managed very dexterously to steer their course through the floating blocks; grappling on to one, then shoving themselves off to another, they succeeded in effecting a landing on the opposite bank.

They then returned for my carriage, but by the time they had dragged it into a large punt, the masses of ice, which then came pouring down, were larger and more numerous. Whilst watching their manœuvres from the shore, I beheld the punt jammed in between two blocks, and carried down the stream with great velocity.

Accompanied by my servant, I ran along the bank, and after proceeding about two miles, I had the satisfaction to see my carriage safely disembarked.

The men had held on to one of these blocks, trusting to the current which they expected

would, at a bend of the river, throw them near the shore.

Had this failed, they declared that they most probably would have been carried out to sea, if not previously crushed by the ice.

Those who indulge in that horrid habit of smoking will be best able to judge of the anxiety I experienced as to the fate of my carriage, when I inform them that therein were packed ten thousand prime regalias.

A scene of this description had presented itself to me a few years before on the river Pô.

Travelling from Florence to Vienna in the winter of 18— with an Infant of Spain and his retinue, we were detained by the same cause, passing three days in the palace of the Cardinal Legate at Ferrara. This was the severest winter that had been known for many years, and we experienced the same difficulty in crossing the Pô, as I since met with on the Elbe.

Heartily tired of the monotony of that most melancholy town, "Ferrara," I persuaded the party to attempt the passage.

This was eventually effected without accident; but on arriving at Ponteba, the depth of the snow precluded all possibility of proceeding with our carriages, until the village wheelwright had fabricated a sufficient number of sledges on which to place them.

The Duke caused a small sledge to be purchased, and inviting me to accompany him, we left his suite to follow as best they could, and thus travelled day and night through Klagenfurth to Vienna.

Never shall I forget the cold we suffered during that journey. We had no room for a servant, and his Royal Highness requested me to settle with the post-boys. Paying away money is never a very amusing occupation, but to count it out at night, with twenty-three degrees of cold, is no joke.

The winter at Vienna was so severe that shooting was but little thought of, and it was followed by the most disastrous "débâcle" ever known to have taken place on the Danube.

Previous to relating the effects of the breaking up of the ice on this occasion, I will endeavour to explain, for the benefit of those who have not frequented northern climes, the cause of the devastation which ensued.

The Danube, taking its rise in the flower-garden of Prince Fürstenberg at "Donau-Eschingen," increases gradually in width, although occasionally more or less confined by mountains on either side until after passing Vienna, when, forming a vast expanse of water, it flows through the grassy plains of Hungary.

After a long winter's frost, should the breaking up of the ice, on a thaw setting in, take place low down the river, for instance in the neighbourhood of Vienna, a free passage is left for the masses of ice which may follow at a later period from above, and comparatively little damage is caused.

This was, however, not the case in the winter I speak of. The ice on the tributary streams about Ratisbon and Lintz having thawed, it was

carried down to a narrow part of the Danube above Vienna, where, encountering resistance from that which was still frozen, and impelled by the great rapidity of the river, it became heaped up in one solid rock.

From this time, constant "bulletins" were forwarded to the capital, having reference to the temperature and to the greater or smaller probability of a general break up.

On this occasion it commenced by the thawing of a smaller block in the vicinity of Vienna, which, splitting with a report similar to that of artillery, came pouring down, swelling the river to a great height. Great anxiety was felt as to the stability of an embankment some two miles above the town; and a picket of observation, composed of eight hussars, was ordered to the spot.

That night the whole of the remaining mass gave way; the eight hussars have never since been heard of, and the faubourgs of Rossau and Leopoldstadt were suddenly inundated, the water mounting to the

windows. of the first floor of many of the houses.

The ground floors in these faubourgs were inhabited by the poorer classes, and the windows were all secured by iron bars, so that the rush of water through the passages having blocked up those doors which opened outwards, no egress was left for these poor creatures, who were afterwards found drowned; many still clinging to the bars of the windows, with their features hideously distorted.

On the following morning I hastened to the ramparts in the vicinity of the "Rothen Thurm Thor," and beheld at my feet those streets which I had yesterday driven through in a sledge, now so many torrents bearing along enormous pieces of ice, uprooted trees, haystacks, roofs of cottages, dead horses and cattle,—in short, every imaginable article that was at all buoyant.

This lasted three days, during which, large pontoons having been procured, the inhabitants of the town succeeded in carrying food

to those of the faubourgs, conveying it to the upper windows by means of long poles.

When this flood had subsided, the scene was truly horrible. Nearly five hundred lifeless human bodies were discovered, as also great numbers of horses and cows; many of the blocks of ice were too large to be removed, and remained in the streets until melted by the summer sun.

In the faubourg of the Rossau are established almost all the coach-builders, and to one of these I had previously sent my English britschka to have a new lining put in. On reaching the yard in which it stood, I found it with the hood up, and the interior so completely choked up by a block of ice, that, as the coach-maker told me, it could not possibly be removed; and I was obliged to wait for warmer weather to see to what an extent the carriage had been damaged.

This awful visitation was not confined only to Vienna; the country below was greatly flooded, and considerable loss both of life and

property ensued. Of this, however, I was not an eye-witness, and the particulars have escaped my memory.

In a pecuniary point of view, the poor sufferers were in a great measure, I may indeed say totally, relieved by the admirable manner in which the richer classes came to their assistance.

Previously to the revolution of '48, the Viennese were proverbial for their kindness of heart and their charity. Whether or not these benevolent feelings have been blunted by late events, I am unable to judge.

At the time I speak of, a colossal subscription was set on foot, and I firmly believe that there was not an inhabitant of the town, however indigent, who did not contribute his mite.

In addition to repeated concerts and benefits at all the theatres, a lottery upon a large scale was established, each person vying with the other in the costly articles contributed for this purpose; first and foremost among whom were the members of the Imperial family.

This lottery was held in the "Redouten Saal," which is within the precincts of the palace, and is certainly the finest hall in Europe.

The contributed articles were displayed on a sort of amphitheatre, erected at one end of this magnificent saloon, and in the centre of these was placed a glass barrel turning on a pivot, into which the numbers were placed by children.

When this part of the ceremony had been completed, the drawing of the numbers commenced, in presence of the Emperor.

As each number came forth, it was declared in a loud voice, and telegraphed to those who were at the further end of the hall by means of a transparency, accompanied by music from such an orchestra as will rarely be met with.

Adjoining this immense room are other apartments, of somewhat smaller dimensions. These, during the carnival, are all thrown open on the nights of the masked balls; and although the Viennese do not boast of a "galop

monstre," yet I retain most agreeable reminiscences of a more remote period than the one of which I have been speaking; ciò è; when at the age of eighteen I was a constant attendant at those never-to-be-forgotten Vienna Redoutes!

THE END.

LONDON:
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New-street-Square.

00038024

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016